THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVIII No. 1810 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — SEPT. 29 1934

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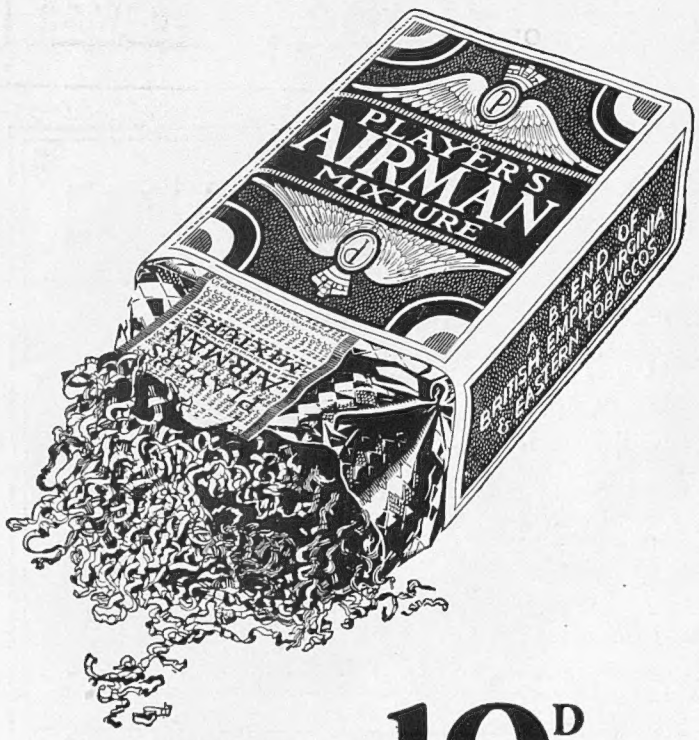


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*'Denise'* (above).

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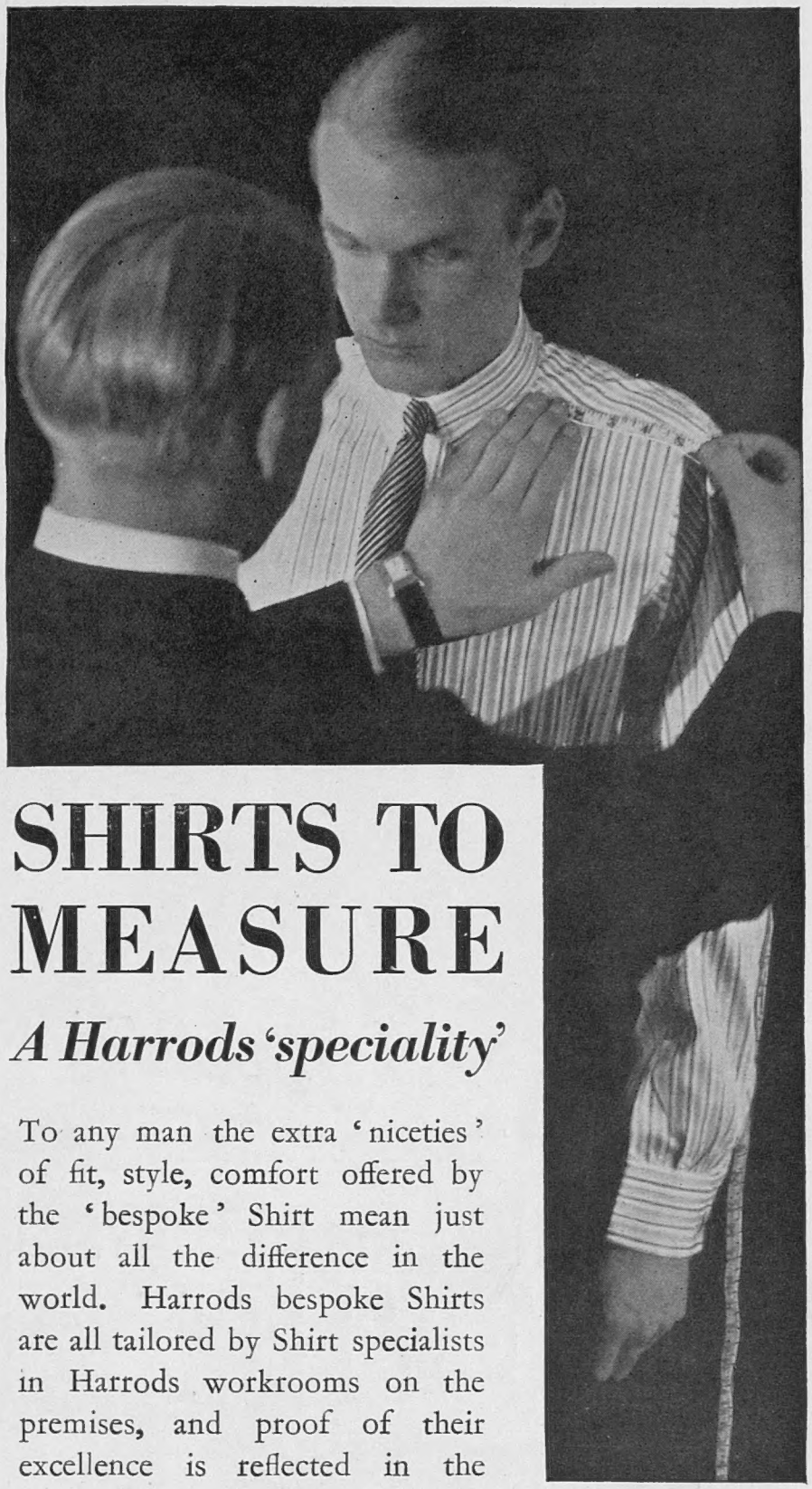

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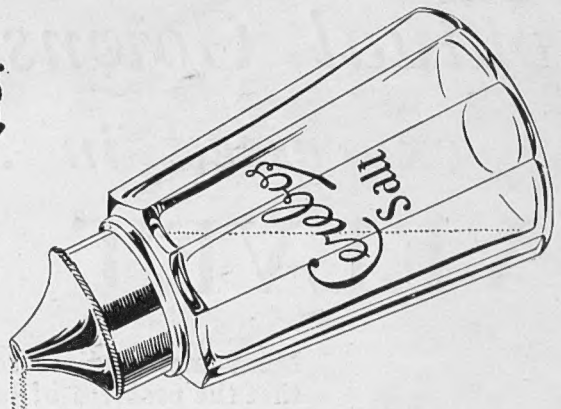


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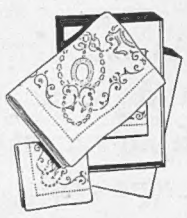

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, September 29, 1934

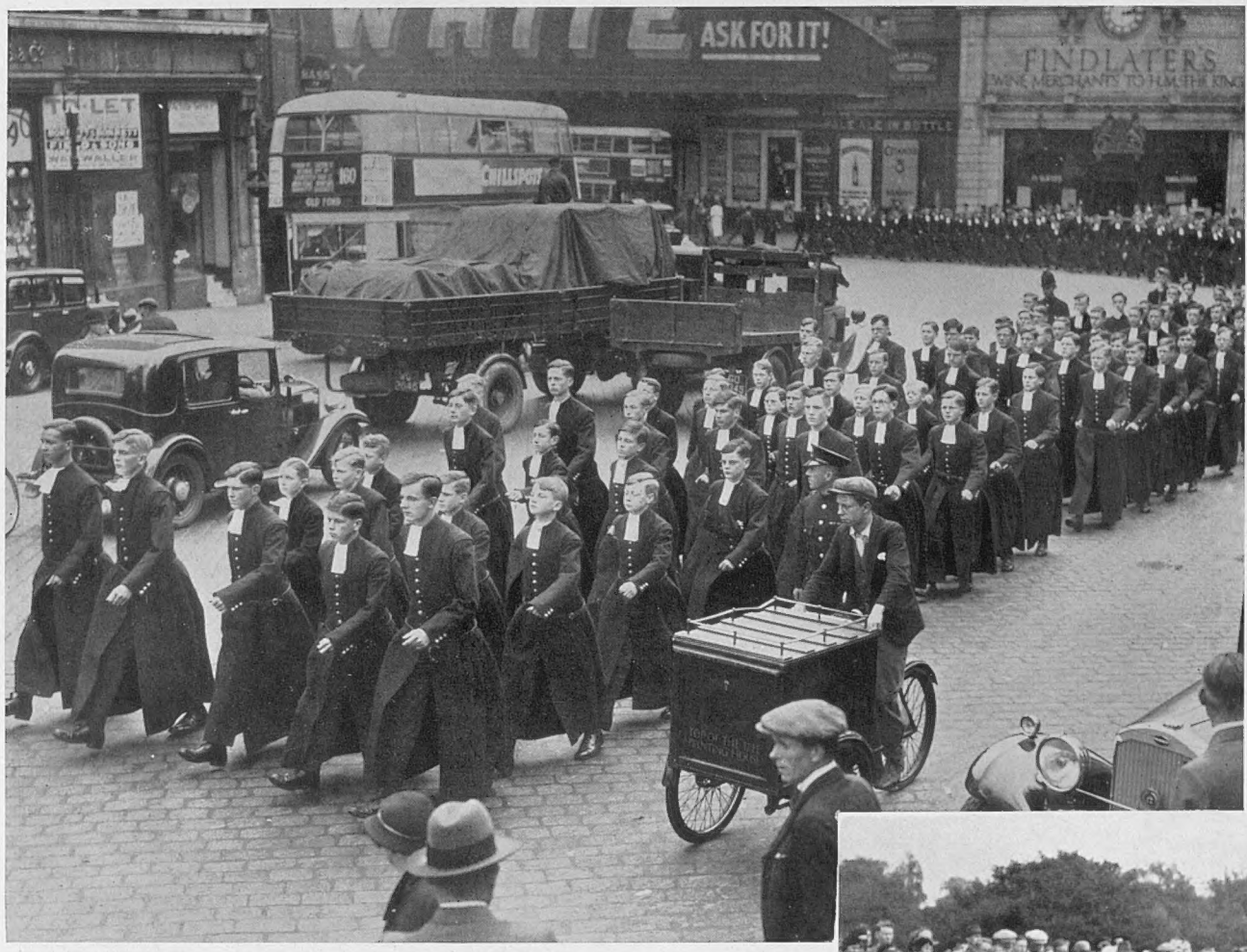
# "QUEEN MARY"

## (Late 534)

# TAKES THE WATER

Amid the cheering of a vast multitude which gathered on both sides of the river, the Queen, on Wednesday, launched and named No. 534—the greatest liner ever built in a British shipyard. Her Majesty, standing beside the King on the dais, is presented with a memorial casket of gold; the final supports are knocked from under the hull; a bottle of wine splinters across the bows; and slowly but surely the newly-named *Queen Mary* slides towards the water, dragging in her wake 2,500 tons of steel chains which check her momentum and allow her to pull up before her stern reaches the farther shore. Thus, in a few moments of vivid drama, was staged at Glasgow one of the most important events in the history of the British Mercantile Marine. This aerial picture shows how the 1,018 ft. vessel was brought to a standstill at the desired spot during a rainstorm. She was later towed into the dock, seen in the top left-hand corner, for her fitting out which will be completed in 1936. (*See also pages* 450 *and* 451)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.




"BLUE-COAT" BOYS IN THE CITY: Students from Christ's Hospital, Horsham, marching through the streets of London on St. Matthew's Day after attending divine service at Christ Church, Newgate Street, near the site of the old buildings which were used by the school before its transference to the country. On arriving at the Mansion House the boys processed past Sir Vansittart Bowater, acting Lord Mayor, who distributed over £60 among them in notes and newly minted silver. Tea and cakes were then served in the Egyptian Hall

# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 26, 1934.

## THE GRESFORD DISASTER.

—The Gresford Colliery disaster ranks with those at West Stanley, Bank Pit, Senghenyad, and Minnie Pit, among half-a-dozen major coal mining tragedies of the century. Coal mining is a national industry and eternally a dangerous trade. We are all familiar with the peculiarly poignant scenes of horror at the pithead which follow such disasters, and we are invariably touched to the heart and stimulated by the heroism and self-sacrifice of the comrades of the victims. It is when we reflect on the safeguards and discipline which have been imposed on miners by Board of Trade regulations in the past thirty years that we appreciate the appalling dangers of the work. Nothing which human ingenuity can devise to guard against the dangers which lurk in the pits is wanting, and yet these disasters still occur often. In old days miners took glaring risks involving the safety of their comrades. Nowadays discipline and public opinion make such carelessness impossible. All such disasters are now due to the unforseeable failure of safety devices, such as the fusing of perfectly efficient electric cable. The Gresford Pit was as up-to-date as any in the country. The sword of Damocles hangs perpetually over the coal miner and it is small wonder if, as a class, miners appear to be politically uncompromising and seem sometimes to obstruct the progress of peace in industry. At such a moment of tragedy and heroism, when whole families have been blotted out, we are more inclined to wonder whether any monetary reward can compensate those whose whole lives are passed in risk to life and limb and grinding and intolerable anxiety.

## A GOOD START.

—The importance of *Endeavour's* first victory over *Rainbow* in the America Cup was not solely due to the thrill of a great race and to Mr. Sopwith's great handling of his yacht on the "inward leg." It was the first British victory in the race since 1920 and I believe only the third isolated success in sixty-four years of the race's history—a remarkable, if dismal, fact. It was great luck, of course, for England that the first race was declared void on the time limit, for it gave Mr. Sopwith and his amateurs a perfect opportunity to study the rival's methods and correct their own defects. For *Endeavour's* crew the race was exhilarating in the extreme, but I understand that few of the onlookers saw much of the game. For an epidemic of sea-sickness prostrated them in hundreds and they wished themselves dead and buried and both yachts sunk. Conditions were more favourable for spectators during the second race to take note of Mr. Sopwith's skill and his crew's efficiency. But for those of us who study yacht-racing from an armchair *Endeavour's* early success immensely stimulated our interest in a sporting event which we have come to class with the Boat Race and the Eton-Harrow, as a foregone conclusion—*Nous avons changé tout cela*, we fondly believed a few days ago.

## FAREWELL TO THE GLENS.

—In forty years of unswerving devotion to Scotland as a place for my holidays, I never clapped eyes on the Trossachs until this year, and never before left the Highlands by ways so lovely. I had thought to find Loch Katrine spoilt and picture-post-cardy. But it was not so. It was as lovely as my fancy painted it. I felt no rage against the Glasgow waterworks and clean forgot the metalled loch-side road and iron railing as I gazed across Ellen's Isle to the misty heights and the silver lights on the loch's face. What a journey I took from Nairn by Dalwhinnie and Pitlochry, along Loch Tay and Lochearn, through the Trossachs, and thence to the Clyde and Glasgow, the Mecca to-day of all conscientious journalists and sensation-loving tourists! For the hour approaches for the launching of the great unnamed Cunarder which shares with Princess Marina the intense and absorbed interest of all in Scotland. That the Cunarder should be christened by the Queen with the name of her new daughter-in-law is an idea which cries to Heaven for fulfilment. So apt, so apropos, so exactly right is it. The name of Marina was unknown, of course, when the subject of a name for the giant was first discussed. One wonders if things have gone too far for that happy eleventh-hour choice to be made. There lies the giant at Clydebank, towering over the buildings in the vicinity. Special transport facilities, constantly increased, cope with the crowds of sightseers each day. To-day's ceremonial is all fixed—the event takes place in the Lieutenancy of Sir Iain Colquhoun—and precautions taken. Several docks and basins will be closed, others commandeered, and doubtful areas put out of bounds, for a wave several feet high will sweep along the Clyde, and a hundred little yachts will bob up like corks in the snug anchorages of the Clyde Yacht Clubs. Every notable and worthy of every age in the vicinity has his ticket for stand or steamer. Never did that noble river look gayer, more crowded or more like a Mediterranean port than on the sunny afternoon last week when I crossed by the Erskine Ferry and ran along to Gourock.

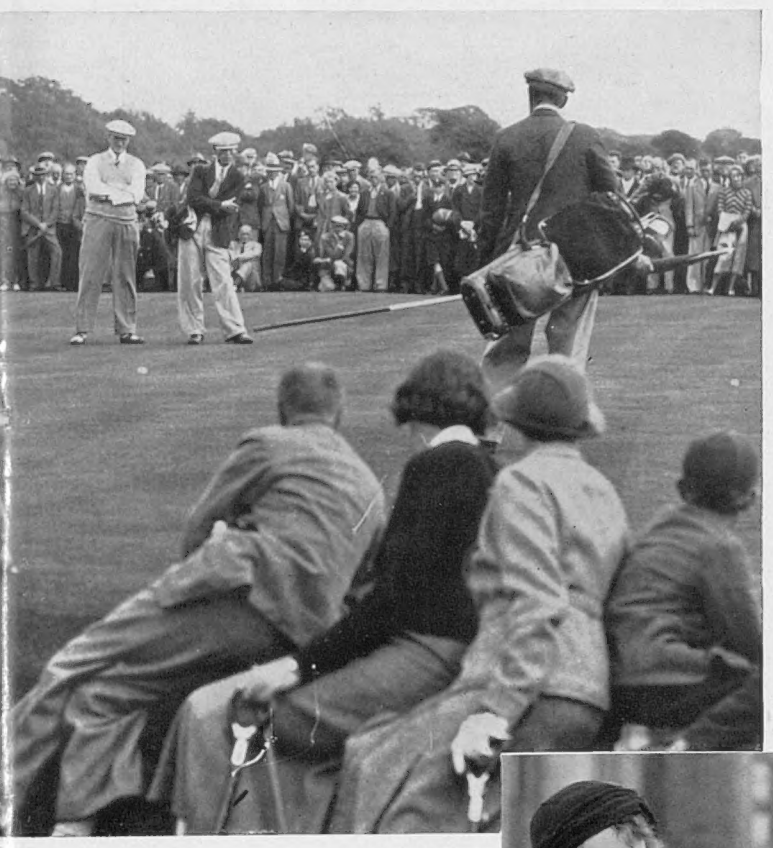
## SCOTTISH NEEDLEWORK.

—Trust Edinburgh to do things well, and Edinburgh officials to be helpful in a good cause. When on October 16 Sir D. Y. Cameron, R.A., opens the National Exhibition of Needlework at the Academy Galleries, the public will be admitted to a very unique show. Scotland is rich in treasures of embroidery and needlework of all kinds, dating from the thirteenth century. Much of it has never before been exhibited, and there are many items of well-authenticated and first-rate historic interest. There are the famous Jacobean hangings lent by the King from Holyroodhouse. There is a thirteenth-century figure of a knight on horseback embroidered in gold and silver thread on linen, lent by Stonyhurst, which also sends a cope of sixteenth-century workmanship made for Henry VII for Westminster Abbey, and mentioned in his will. In workmanship and beauty it is an acknowledged miracle, and was so recognized by Henry VIII, who took it with him to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Mr. Robert Spence lends a collection of embroidered gloves (fifteenth to seventeenth centuries). One pair was worn by James VI, and on a notable occasion by Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill. Sir Frederick Richmond lends a collection of important embroidered book covers. Lord Forbes sends his valances, a gift to his ancestor from Mary Queen of Scots. Lord Bute's valance from Loch Leven Castle is also connected with Mary Queen of Scots who probably brought it with her from France, and the famous example of her handiwork at Hardwick is lent by the Duchess of Devonshire. There are dresses actually worn at Prince Charlie's Ball in Edinburgh and many other relics of the ill-fated Stuarts. Those who love *John Inglesant* will be thrilled by an exhibit lent by St. John's College, Oxford—one of the ten "Harmonies of the Bible," made up by Nicholas Ferrar's community at Little Gidding and admired there by Charles I (and John Inglesant himself). Many wonderful things from Sir William Burrell's priceless treasure house at North Berwick are being loaned, including a set of falconer's accoutrements which belonged to

A SURPRISE RESULT: J. Busson, the young Harrogate professional, putting on the *News of the World* £1,040 tournament at Walton Heath. He played superb golf to Crews Hill, by two holes

James VI, and some wonderful early tapestries. I have said enough to indicate that this exhibition in aid of Scottish Women's Institutes will be of quite first-rate importance in art and public interest. It has already received magnificent publicity and will receive much more, and there is every indication that the net profits will not (as is usually the case) be cut down to nothing by the grotesque amount of the overhead charges. Much of the preliminary work is being done by Lady MacGregor of MacGregor and the secretary of the committee.

**BACK TO POLITICS.**—We return to politics and realities with a new and hopeful chapter in the chequered history of the League of Nations. It is a chapter written in French, the "Language of Diplomacy," and a language which Englishmen should by now have learned to read very easily, if not to speak. The entry of Russia into the League is a triumph for French diplomacy, and no one can deny that no nation is more deserving of a triumph in connection with the League, if persistence is the only acknowledged road to success. We return also to take up the reins of domestic politics. The season of party conferences is on us, and the thought most prominent in the minds of every speaker and listener is the vital thought that the present Government has little more than a year to run. Before the next General Election the ranks of National Government must be closed, if another National Government is to succeed it and to complete the programme of reconstruction which has in the past four years gone further and deeper than I for one anticipated. The National ranks can only be closed by closing first the ranks of parties. Between this and then the reforms of the Indian Constitution will test the sincerity and patriotism of the Unionist Party, and will reveal by a show of hands how large or how very small is the section of opinion which believes that a return to party politics at this juncture is no danger to the country, the Empire, and to civilization. I myself believe that section to be comfortingly small. Therefore it is all the more distressing that harmony and understanding in the National cause between Liberals and Conservatives seem to be decreasing rather than increasing in the constituencies.



ninth green during the 36-holes final of the beat the more experienced C. A. Whitcombe, of

**A BALLIOL DON.**—Mr. F. F. Urquhart who died last week at the age of sixty-six, was for forty years a well-loved and well-known figure in Oxford life. He specialized in history and in friendship and kept in touch with generation after generation of undergraduates of his own and other colleges. That generation of Balliol men of special promise whom the War blotted out (the Grenfells, Edward Horner, Patrick Shaw Stewart, and the rest), were in the inner circle of his friends, and I can look back on many happy hours spent, as undergraduate and returned wanderer, in his pleasant, untidy rooms. They were crowded with photographs of his friends in their callow youth, whom, as they grew older, "Sligger" never forgot. He had that sympathy and genius for friendship which enabled him easily to resume a friendship at the point where it was interrupted. Many others have jolly memories of life at Sligger's "Chalet" in Switzerland. He was a Roman Catholic and a brother-in-law of Lord Tyrrell. Above all things, he was a prototype. All the best qualities of the Oxford Don were concentrated in him. He knew how to be and to remain all his life the undergraduate's elder brother, without artifice and without loss of dignity.

**MR. GEORGE'S THIRD VOLUME.**—Mr. Lloyd George's third volume, eagerly awaited, made the expected splash when it dived into the water to open the autumn book season. It was the subject of a "leader" in every morning newspaper. And Mr. George, that master-journalist, had seen to it that this volume should be easy stuff for the journalist who must skim the cream for his public. In volume 2, it was the generals who got it in the neck. In volume 3, the admirals have their turn. They lacked initiative when the German submarine menace grew serious, and had not "civilian" ideas been forthcoming, the German campaign must have succeeded while Mr. Runciman wrung his hands and the admirals in the Mall still planned in terms of mighty Trafalgars between still mightier Dreadnoughts. The convoy system was forced on in the teeth of Admiralty opposition. There follows a general attack on the allied war leaders; their obstinacy and refusal to learn, and their tendency to allow domestic and international jealousy to interfere with the common cause. There is sensational evidence regarding the failure of the Nivelle plan, with hints of treachery in the capture of the written plans in the trenches. The unpopularity of Mr. Churchill and side-lights on the beginnings of the Russian Revolution supply journalists with more first-class copy.

THE GRAND DUCHESS CHARLOTTE ALDEGOND, ruler of Luxemburg, and her son, Prince Jean, who is going to school in England, seen after their arrival at Croydon last week

**GOOD (TO) COPY.**—Dean Inge on the threshold of retirement has given to a popular periodical a kind of *apologia pro sua vita*. It is so sane, so sound, and so dignified (in a word, it so exactly marches with my own creed) that I can't forbear to summarize it. In the past, I have criticized the Dean, not because he ploughed me for my certificate at school, but because he allowed himself to be *too* popular a journalist. It seemed to me unbecoming in a very great writer on religious and philosophic subjects. The Dean explains that it wasn't his doing: "The journalists decided twenty-three years ago that I am good copy." He accepted their decision with philosophy. He sets out his creed in a catalogue of hates printed in red:

(1) The present Government in Russia and all that it stands for: barbarous cruelty, utter destruction of liberty, worse than the worst days of Ivan the Terrible.

(2) The present-day attitude of many Englishmen to this regime in Russia: an easy toleration, if not approval.

(3) Our British armchair revolutionaries. The Dean holds that the vital reforms, social and political, still needed in this country, can be achieved without disturbing any of the established institutions of government, society, and trade and industry, which are to-day in sweeter running order for the well-being of the majority than ever before.

(4) The Continental dictatorships and especially the German. The persecution of the Jews takes us right back to the Dark Ages.

(5) British loss of patriotism which is "throwing away our Empire." "There is not a Dago or Levantine or Irishman or Hindu who does not lift his heel against the sick old lion."

(6) The secession to the Church of Rome of quite respectable British men of letters.

(7) Modernist art-sculpture, painting, and architecture. Everything negroid and deliberately ugly. Modernist poetry. And modern art critics!

(8) Young women with splashes of crude red on their lips and nails.

(9) Revolutions in any form.

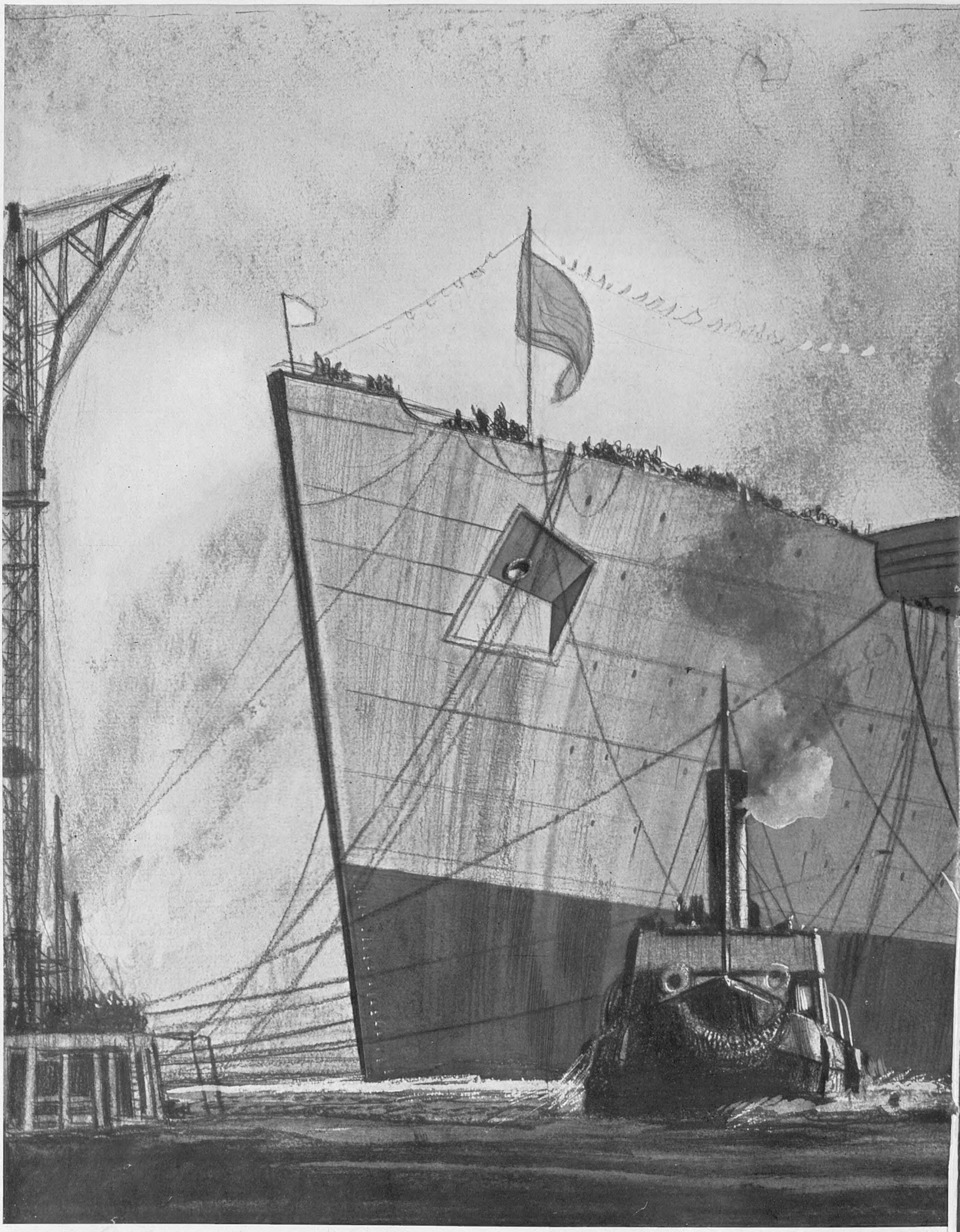
From which it will be seen that the Dean is a Tory churchman of the best type. For choice, as a professional man, he would have elected to live between 1810 and 1885. But there is much to be said, in England at least, and still, for the present age. I endorse his hates. If indeed his retirement implies no more popular thundering against present-day nastinesses, I am sorry he is retiring, but I wish him the pleasant holiday which he deserves.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: Colonel Freiherr Geyr von Schweppenburg, German military attaché in London, who watched the Southern Command mimic battle in the Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Somersetshire area last week. With him is Major L. F. Hay who is over 6 ft. 10 in. and is said to be the tallest officer in the British Army

**A SCHOOL SUBJECT.**—Any one who has to do with schools, scouts, and other bodies composed of young children of both sexes, would agree that hitherto very little progress has been made in the direction of making them acquainted with the nature of their own ever-increasing heritage of beauty spots and commons, and with the bodies who control them. It is a most obvious and proper subject for instruction in schools, if it include not only information as to what these great "estates" comprise and under what national and local direction they are managed, but also the whole code of conduct and manners governing their right enjoyment. In the "bad old days" of huge private estates, the children of landowners acquired by tradition and environment a sense of the responsibilities of land-ownership with a knowledge of the nature of their rights and privileges.

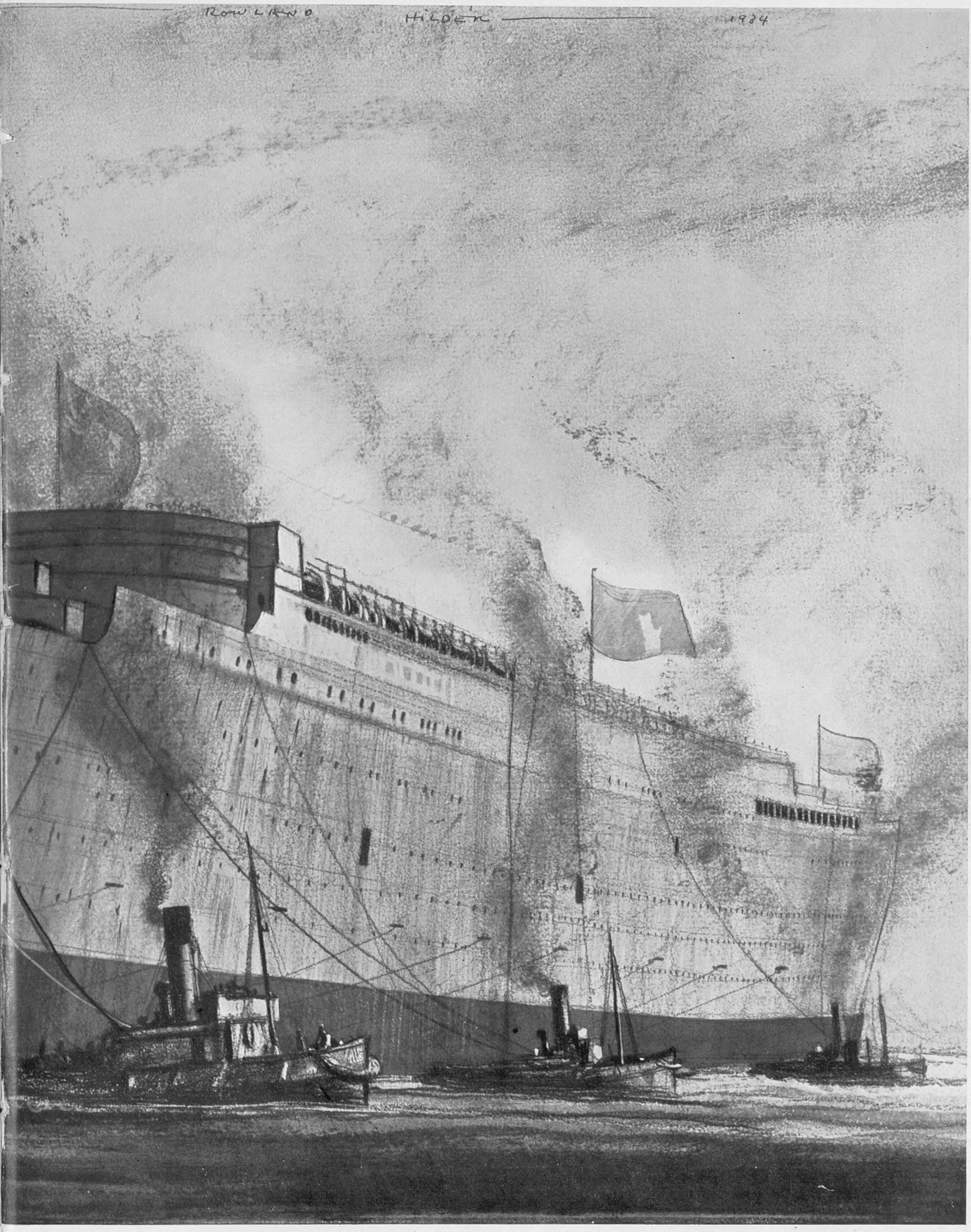
THE OLD STAGER

# THE LAUNCHING OF THE "QUEEN



At 3.15 on Wednesday afternoon Her Majesty the Queen launched the new Cunard-White Star liner, which up till then had been known as No. 534, and, in christening the great vessel the *Queen Mary*, revealed the closely guarded secret of the name. The arrangements went through without a hitch, the massive hull gliding into its destined element smoothly and easily, according to the plan so carefully devised by the builders. This drawing by Mr. Rowland Hilder shows how, after the launch, the little tugs gathered round the *Queen Mary* to pick up

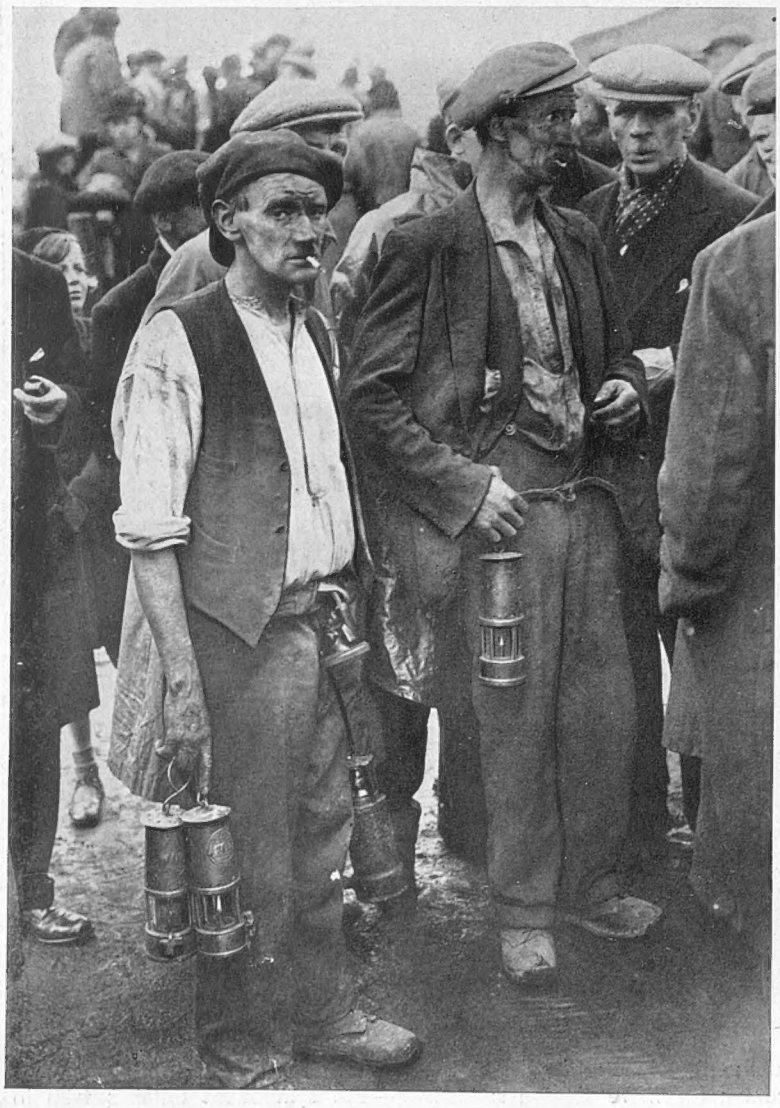
# MARY": An Artist's Impression of the World's Greatest Liner After She Entered the Waters of the Clyde this Week




the hawsers and to haul her into the basin, where the machinery will be installed and the work of decorating and furnishing will be carried out. It is only right that last Wednesday's ceremony should be regarded as an event of national importance, and it was only fitting that it should have been conducted by the first lady of the land. For the *Queen Mary* is something more than a super-liner—she symbolizes Britain's faith in the future of British shipping and she stands for all that is best in British craftsmanship.

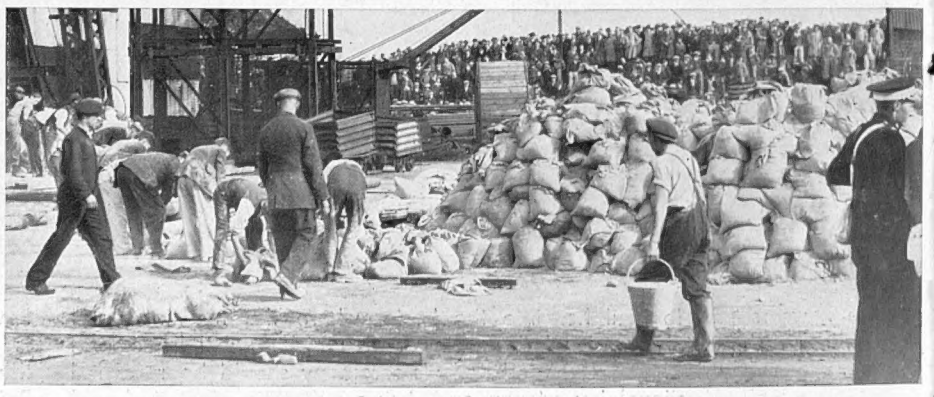
# THE WELSH PIT DISASTER:

FIRE UNDERGROUND: Members of one of the rescue parties, equipped with oxygen apparatus, who battled for a day and a half in a courageous but unavailing attempt to save the lives of the miners who had been trapped by the flames following an explosion. All hope has now been abandoned, and the death roll is officially stated to be 261. The disaster is one of the most serious that has occurred in this country since the beginning of the present century



HEROISM IN DESPAIR: Some of the men who failed so gallantly in their effort to save their comrades. Two of the rescuers were asphyxiated before they could be brought to the surface

WAITING FOR NEWS OF THE MISSING: A view of the vast crowd which gathered at the colliery hoping against hope that it would be possible to quell the flames and reach the entombed men. There were heartrending scenes when, on Sunday night, it was announced that the pit would have to be sealed up, it being certain that nobody could possibly be alive



SANDBAGS which were used to check the spread of the flames

# 261 Miners Lose Their Lives at Gresford Colliery, near Wrexham

*On right*—RISKING DEATH: Another rescue party entering the "cage house" before descending the pit. The tremendous heat in the workings and the presence of large quantities of deadly carbon monoxide gas made their task almost impossible

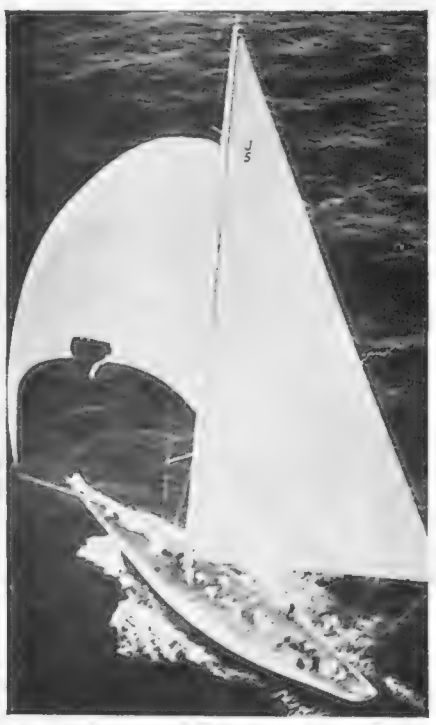
STARK TRAGEDY: A typical group at the colliery where hundreds of Wrexham women waited throughout the whole of Sunday. Most of them faced the ordeal with amazing courage, although they knew only too well that the chances of seeing their husbands, sons, and brothers again were of the slenderest

SIR HENRY WALKER, Chief Inspector of Mines, who went underground to watch the fire-fighters at work

"ENDEAVOUR" LEADS: A dramatic moment in the first race of the series for the America's Cup as Mr. Sopwith's yacht began to forge ahead of *Rainbow*. The challenger won by 2 min. 8 sec.

AS THE SKIPPER SEES IT: Mr. Harold Vanderbilt, at the helm of *Rainbow*, watching *Endeavour* passing him near the half-way mark

BEFORE THE START: *Rainbow* (foreground) and *Endeavour* jockeying for position. In the distance can be seen the boats which followed the contestants round the course



"RAINBOW'S" SPLIT SPINNAKER: A mishap that occurred a few minutes before the end of the first race when the defender had little chance of winning

# AFTER THE LAUNCH

## *The Task of Fitting-out the New Liner*

By CHARLES GRAVES

BY the time these words appear in print the Giant Cunarder 534 will have entered the water surrounded with boiling clouds of what seems like smoke created by the friction of the keel on the greased slipways. Looking back, it seems as though they have been building her for years and years, but even now less than one-third of the work on her has been done. She is still a mere shell. What is more, a great amount of the work that has been done to her will have to be undone. This is perfectly normal. Hundreds of tons of temporary steelwork used to strengthen the structure of the hull during the actual launching will have to be removed, portions of the bulkheads will have to be dismantled to allow the boilers to be put in position in the boiler-rooms. There are twenty-seven of these to be hoisted on board. They contain nearly 160,000 tubes and will occupy five rooms. The main steam piping alone is over 2,600 ft. in length. The main shafting for the propellers will also have to be installed, together with seven turbo-generator sets which will develop 10,000 kilowatts and form the greatest power station afloat. Why, they would be enough to supply all lighting and public services for Brighton.

Another early installation will have to be that of the four sets of Parsons quadruple expansion single reduction geared turbines, each with its own condenser. Meantime, every single one of the 250,000 blades for the turbines will have been tested, and must now be fitted by hand. Each of the four gear wheels weighs 60 tons by the by, and is 14 ft. in diameter. The gear cases weighing 200 tons have to be fitted also. Having got the engines and boilers into position, the next thing to do is to build the uptakes to the three vast funnels, followed by the lower part of the funnels and finally the funnels themselves. Each of them will be 100 ft. in circumference, which means to say that three Royal Scot engines can stand abreast in one of them.

TO SHOW, however, how gradually the work must be done, the funnels will not be put in position for over a year. Then there is all the auxiliary machinery to instal, ranging from refrigerating equipment to pumps. As a general rule most of what has to be done works up from the lower decks to the superstructure. This involves deck coverings, ventilating system, the building of cabins and public rooms, companion ways, deck machinery, winches, anchor gear, and the laying of teak decks for the various promenades. There is also the little item of 4,000 miles of electric cable. All this will have taken about a year of hard sledding. Then comes the terrific job of painting, furnishing, and decorating the interior, not to mention plumbing. As you probably already know, the new Giant will have twelve decks, and the sensational size of the ship provides for unusually large spaces for the lounges and restaurants. A quaint statistic is that the hull of the first Cunard steamer, *Britannia*, together with the three vessels which comprised Columbus's fleet when he went to America, could all be placed in the first-class restaurant-foyer. I doubt whether anybody has yet estimated the exact number of the miles of linoleum, rubber floor coverings, carpets, and parquets which will have to be laid, nor the thousands of tons of things necessary to the alley-ways, public rooms, and state-rooms. It is a fact that more than 200,000 pieces of china and glass and earthenware will be required for the ship, together with enough linen for approximately 4,000 beds. Goodness knows how many ship side windows will have to be fitted in the superstructure or how many thousands of yards of material will be wanted for all the curtains and hangings, but here are some of the services to be supplied in connection with the electrical equipment: The electrically operated galleys and pantries, the ventilating system, the hot-and-cold-water system, the passenger lifts and the goods lifts, the service lifts, the dumb waiters in the restaurants and public rooms, the illuminated signs and electric clocks, the "steward call" system, the telephone and wireless telegraphy service and, last but not least, the cinema sound apparatus.

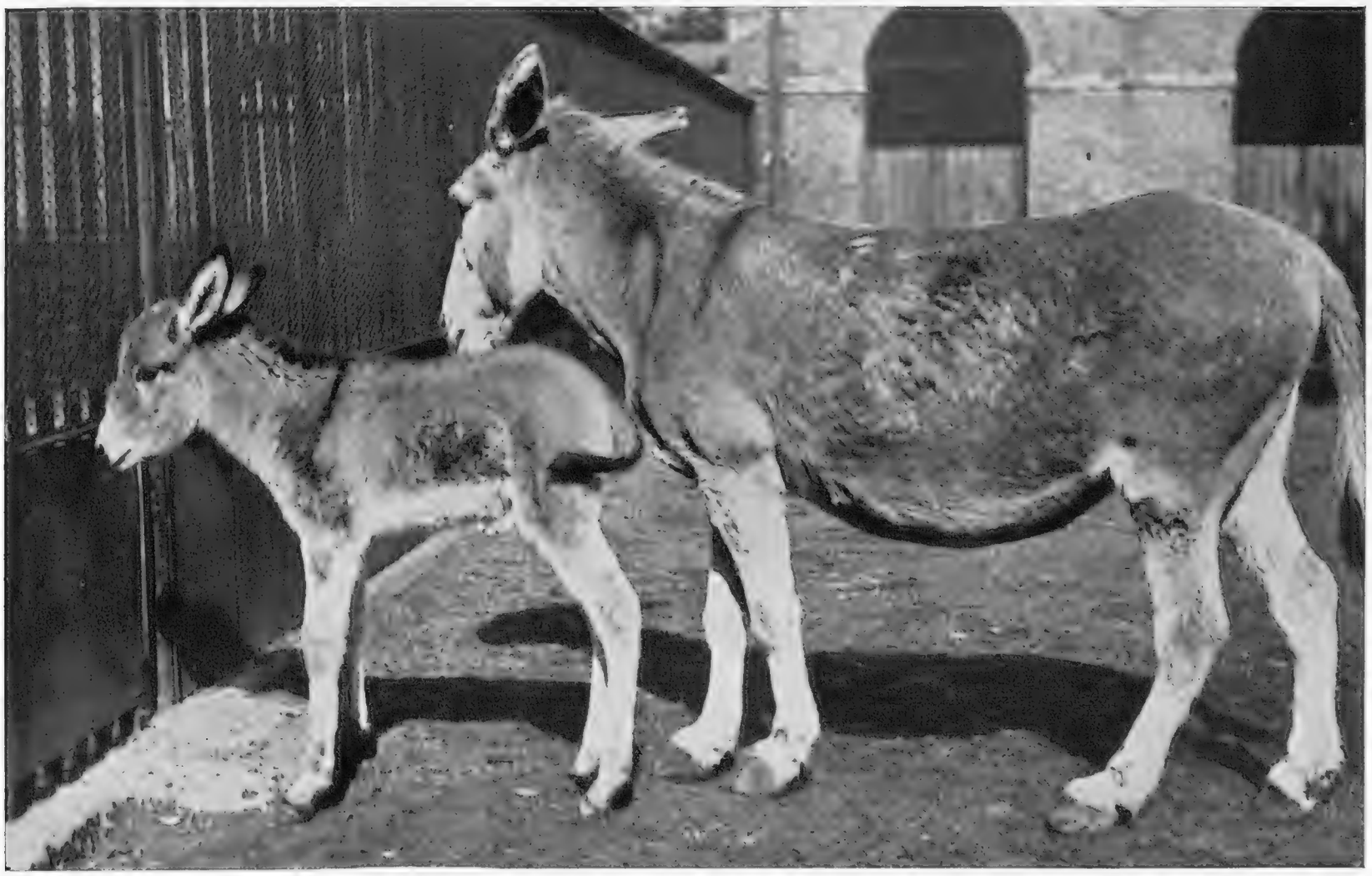
All the navigation and bridge equipment is still to be installed at this stage. This includes a gyroscopic compass, submarine signalling apparatus, instruments to record the depth of the water, dials to record the propeller revolutions, the wireless direction finder, the bridge telephone and telegraph system and the searchlight projectors. Nor must one forget the masts, rigging, derricks and all the equipment for handling the dozens of motor-lifeboats. In view of the *Morro Castle* one easily recalls the need for the myriad connections necessary to have the most up-to-date fire detection system.

MANY sections of the machinery are so heavy that the cranes required to hoist and lower them will themselves have to be handled in sections and re-assembled in the machinery spaces in the ship. I have already spoken of the earthenware and china needed for the fittings of the baths and state cabins and so on. In addition, of course, there are literally hundreds of thousands of pieces of cutlery, plate, crockery, and other equipment for feeding armies of passengers that will eventually be carried. Long before any passengers come on board there will be all the elaborate tests which take place in the prows covering all possible operations in navigation at sea. Before even this happens all equipment and machinery will have had to be tested to the last degree of accuracy in the fitting up basin before the first test prow.

Then comes the signing on of the enormous crew of almost a thousand men, together with all the usual Board of Trade inspections and, last of all, the huge quantities of material, provisions, and stores which will have to be taken on board for the maiden voyage. All this work is confined to the Cunarder itself. There is no space to talk of the enormous amount of clerical work involved over the next eighteen months or two years. There is all the advertising, all the booking of passengers, all the invitations to be issued for the maiden voyage, all the enormous amount of intricate office organization, and the precautions involved in guarding the immensely valuable secrets of the new liner's speed which the Germans and French, not to mention the Americans, would so much like to know in advance.

## IN THE WILD WEST

These ponies are allowed to roam at will over Dartmoor, but every year the owners join forces and drive them into a central meeting-place where they are marked. Those that are not claimed are sold



## AN INTERESTING HYBRID

An ass at the London Zoo and her recently-born offspring. The mother is a descendant of the wild African species, and the father is an Asiatic ass from Tibet. The new arrival, however, has inherited to a remarkable degree the characteristics of the male parent

A STATE OCCASION: Queen Wilhelmina and Princess Juliana arriving for the opening of the Dutch Parliament last week. They are both wearing white mourning in accordance with the wishes of the late Prince Consort

# Holland's Rail Experiment

## The Diesel Streamlined Train

CAN you imagine Vermeer's "View of Delft" with a streamlined Diesel electric train nosing sharply through the foreground? Or Anton Mauve's black-and-white cows roused out of their colossal placidity by the new, steel-grey monster of the polders? It is all rather absurd, and perhaps appropriate to the silly times we live in. Besides, it is not a joke. Until a few days ago you really could see the Diesel tearing a great slice out of Vermeer's canvas, and startling Mauve's cows into antics sadly out of character.

Of course, the Diesel electric train suits the Dutchman. Like most tranquil beings, he likes to enjoy his tranquillity as speedily as possible. Another thing: the Wellsian vision is not so out of place against a Dutch background as you might think. The undeviating perspective of thin, straight canals and polder cultivation, and what may be called the streamlining of modern Dutch architecture, provide quite an admirable setting for the Diesel.

The Diesel, then, is really not so bad when viewed from the countryside. As for the countryside when viewed from the Diesel, that is another matter. When, to the hundred-mile-an-hour traveller, a whole herd of cows becomes one single, elongated cow, and the mouths of gaping milkmaids one single, gaping mouth stretching from Utrecht to The Hague, one begins at last to appreciate the prophetic genius of people like Mr. Epstein. What really is odd is to see a fisherman from Volendam, or a farmer from Zeeland, trousered in balloons and shod with wooden shoes, being whisked to market in a streamlined Diesel electric train. Old and New have always been on the best of terms in Holland.

But the old stands the test better than the new, and the Dutchman, for once, has let his progressive tastes outride his cautious and conservative character. Some of the Diesels have had to be withdrawn—only temporarily ay the authorities; and the public, out of whose pocket the cost must come, is very sore about it. The Staten-Generaal has just been opened by the Queen and the portfolios of the Opposition are stuffed with pertinent questions about the Diesel streamlined electric train. The Government's woe is always the Opposition's weal—and the People can mind its own business.

WHEN Holland decided to give the Diesel train an extensive trial, only one such train was in operation in Europe. This was the so-called "Flying Hamburger," which maintained an apparently successful service between Hamburg and Berlin. It was, and still is, a trial service, and the German authorities have not yet signified their intention to extend the service. It has been said, of course, that the Diesel streamlined train is not popular in Germany, because its nose gives serious doubt of its racial origin. I am assured in good circles that that is not true.

The Dutch, on the other hand, began with an immediate order for forty Diesel electric trains, at a cost of 175,000 gulden each, or a total of 7,000,000 gulden. The first train was placed in service on May 15 of this year, and was soon followed by others, until within a few weeks there were frequent and regular services between Amsterdam-Utrecht-Arnhem and The Hague-Rotterdam-Utrecht-Eindhoven. Each was fitted with Diesel motors of 820 h.p., was composed of three coaches with a total length of 63 metres, and was capable of a maximum speed of 140 kilometres per hour.

THE thin, grey train with the vicious-looking nose and the red bands became a familiar sight drawn up at Dutch railway stations, or streaking through the Dutch countryside. Then, all at once, things went wrong. Minor accidents occurred. Regularity could not be maintained. One by one Diesels were pushed back into the sheds. Cautious notices were issued to the Press, and one of the chief engineers gave a technical statement in which it was said that it had been found that some Diesel trains were subject to inexplicable electric disturbance—the same sort of thing, apparently, as wireless sets are from time to time subject to, only on a much bigger scale—and that pending further investigation they would be withdrawn.

It seems not only to be a question of electrical disturbance, but also, and very largely, of inexperience. The State railway authorities are being severely criticized for having failed to try out the several different varieties of Diesel electric train before giving such a large and costly order; and secondly, for having placed the trains in service without a sufficiently experienced personnel, with the result that severe damage has been done to the motors, which, if not absolutely ruined as is in several quarters suggested, can only be put right at further heavy cost to the public.

Meanwhile, the hole in Vermeer's "View of Delft" has been patched up; Anton Mauve's cows have resumed their wonted lethargy; the Dutchman, back in the old steam trains, is figuring out how much 7,000,000 gulden mean when added to the income tax; and railway authorities in other countries are thanking their stars that Holland tried the thing out first.

Roy Elston.

A 100-M.P.H. DIESEL TRAIN: A type which has not proved very successful in Holland

A POWER IN PRE-WAR AUSTRIA: Frau Katharina Schratt, for many years the friend of the Emperor Franz Joseph, seen at a recent religious ceremony in Vienna. She is now nearly eighty and seldom appears in public

# A Striking Personality

FRAU KATHARINA SCHRATT, once known to Vienna as "Käti," was first presented to the Emperor Franz Joseph towards the close of the 'seventies. "Käti" was then a talented and attractive young actress, appearing at the leading theatres. She was in the early twenties. Franz Joseph, then in middle age and worried and lonely through the temperamental behaviour of his beautiful, wayward consort (to whom he was in no way suited), needed a companion, someone to confide in, outside and beyond the strict and formal Hofburg. He found what lacked him in "Käti," who was to remain his *confidante* and something of his Egeria for forty years, until the end of his long and eventful life, at Christmas, 1916. At 5 a.m., when the old Kaiser breathed his last, "Käti" was not far away; some say she closed his eyes.

What was the secret of this friendship through four decades, a friendship of which the Empress Elizabeth thoroughly approved? Vienna, especially Sacher's, rang with amusing tales. Yet the Emperor was known for his piety and frugal, almost ascetic, manner of life. The truth may not lie further than that Frau Schratt (she married and had a son) proved herself an entertaining, shrewd, sensible and sympathetic companion, quite apart from her good looks.

FRAU SCHRATT had her mansion near the Hofburg and rarely did a day pass without her seeing the Emperor, either at Schönbrunn or in Vienna itself. Every afternoon in later years the two old friends played cards at 5 o'clock. When at his hunting-lodge at Ischl, or elsewhere, Franz Joseph seldom allowed more than a few days to go by without writing. Frau Schratt was a far greater traveller. Not much of the world escaped her, while she holidayed royally, before the War, at a sumptuous villa at Beaulieu. The writer, incidentally, was instrumental in getting this property unsequestered for her in 1922. As a recent enemy the owner thought she would find the place ransacked. She found it intact, and marvelled at the French.

It was also possible to withdraw from a big Paris bank a box containing all the late Emperor's correspondence—Frau Schratt had placed many hundred notes and letters there for safety before 1914. It has been said from time to time that the contents of these missives have been made known in books and articles. This is not so; and they are unlikely now ever to be published. Frau Schratt came nearest to giving her sanction a dozen years ago when, through the inflation, she lost most of her fortune of 13,000,000 crowns. She withstood the temptation and took her coveted box back with her to Vienna. Even in those lean times she still retained her *dame-de-compagnie*, a faithful French lady. "Käti" was always very much the *grande dame*.

Frau Schratt is still a striking personality, even domineering. Imperious. A year or two ago her brain retained all its quickness, and her tongue its sharpness. Few women ever suffered fools less gladly than "Käti." There is also this concerning the last surviving link with the House of Habsburg-that-was: Frau Schratt is the only living person who *really* knows the truth of the Mystery of Mayerling.

Ferdinand Tuohy

# YOM KIPPUR

## How Devout Jews Observed the Day of Atonement in Berlin and Paris

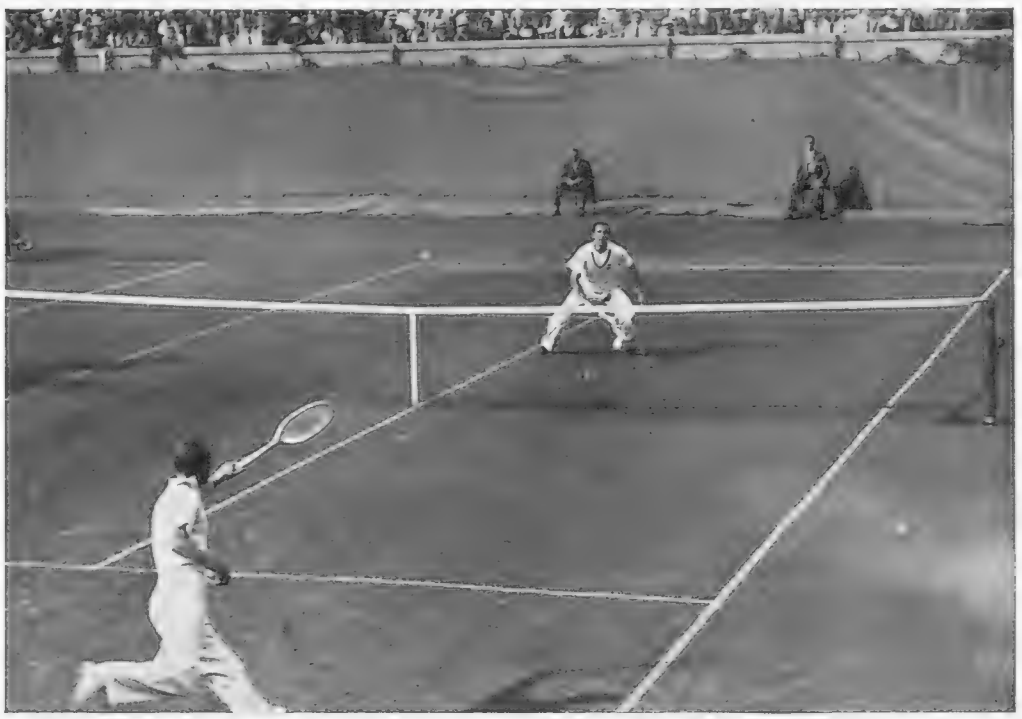
BLOWING A BLAST ON THE SHOFAR, the trumpet of ram's horn which is used during the service on the most sacred day in the Hebrew calendar

IN THE JEWISH QUARTER OF PARIS: When the shops are closed, the synagogues are full, and there is a general fast

IN SPITE OF PERSECUTION: A scene at the entrance to a Berlin synagogue. It is reported that Germany is to renew the attack on the Jews, and a law is said to be in preparation which will deprive them of the rights of citizenship, only those of "pure Aryan stock" being allowed to vote

# A European Survey

A MOMENTOUS DAY AT GENEVA: M. Litvinoff, head of the Russian delegation, addressing the assembly following the admission of the U.S.S.R. to full membership of the League of Nations. He was given a mixed reception



EUROPE IN THE U.S.: Fred Perry (background) in play against V. G. Kirby of South Africa in the penultimate round of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Championship at Forest Hills. In the final he accounted for W. Allison in five sets, thus retaining the title which he won last year. He is now champion of England, the United States, and Australia

PREPARING THE WAY FOR A HABSBURG RESTORATION: The Archduke Eugene at a recent monarchist demonstration in Eisenstadt, at which he deputized for Prince Otto, Pretender to the Austrian throne, and received on his behalf the freedom of the town. Following a speech by the Burgomaster, there were enthusiastic shouts of "Long Live His Majesty!"

A HONEY BEE: The workers are all amazons; none of the males ever contribute anything to the stores of the community, but gorge on what is brought home to them by the industrious females. When winter comes they pay the penalty of their indolence

# THE MASSACRE OF THE MALES

By FENN SHERIE

*In Every Beehive Throughout the Country, the Great Change from Summer to Winter Life is taking Place. The Drones have Perished and the Hives have been Put in Order. The Triumphant Amazon Workers Reign Alone with their Queen*

BEFORE the curtain of winter descends, Nature stages the final act of one of her greatest dramas—the drama of life in the hive. It is a drama of love and hate, of poverty and riches, of self-sacrifice and greed, and it reaches its tragic climax in a scene of debauchery and death.

Let us review the story briefly.

In the palace of the bees, where the workers and architects have constructed their waxen terraces of hexagonal honeycombs with uncanny precision, life has been teeming with activity since early spring. From the moment when she stirred from her winter torpor, the queen, surrounded by her maids-in-waiting—who never turn their backs upon her majesty—has moved from cell to cell depositing an egg in each.

With the coming of spring a new generation is born. From the unfertile eggs are produced the males or drones, from the fertile eggs the workers or undeveloped females. Later, from the royal cells, where the larvæ from similar fertile eggs have been carefully fed upon a special diet—the "royal jelly"—emerge the young princesses.

The workers begin their apprenticeship inside the hive—building, cleaning, tending the young, and performing other duties. When they are older they set out in search of nectar and pollen with which to replenish their stores.

Theirs is a hard life. In the spring many, returning home late in the evening, find that the population has increased so rapidly that they are crowded out of the hive to perish in the cold night air. In the summer the strain of carrying half their own weight in honey or pollen on repeated flights is so great that they live but a brief six weeks, whereas the workers, who are born later in the year, generally live seven months.

THE queen, who is not equipped like the workers, remains in the hive, her duty being to lay eggs. But hers, too, is a life of self-sacrifice. In due course one of the young princesses will emerge from a royal cell and she will be deposed. Accompanied by a number of faithful followers she must leave the hive and seek a new home, in order to leave room for the new generation.

When the chosen day arrives there is a great stir within the hive, and the temperature rises so high that the waxen walls sometimes soften and lose shape. Suddenly a great jet of bees streams out of the hive and, after hovering for a while, follows the queen until she alights. The swarm clusters round her in a black ball, awaiting news from the scouts who have gone out in search of a new shelter. It is now that the beekeeper must offer them a new home, or they will vanish into the wilds and be lost for ever.

In the new hive the bees instantly set to work to build the new honeycombs, and as soon as the cells are ready the queen continues to deposit her eggs. So the life goes on until, eventually, the queen becomes completely sterile. After that her fate is uncertain; she may be protected in some obscure corner by her faithful retainers until she dies a natural death, or she may be killed by a younger queen who has taken her place.

Meanwhile, in the former hive, a young princess has emerged from her royal cell. Her first instinct is to kill off all her rivals, and, if she is allowed, she moves from cell to cell, tearing open the wax seals and stabbing her half-developed sisters, whose corpses are promptly ejected from the hive by the workers. More frequently, however, the workers will prevent this slaughter until the princess is married, apparently as a precaution lest she should fail to return from her nuptial flight. In this case, finding herself frustrated by hostile guards as she wanders from cell to cell with murder in her heart, she sets up a cry which sounds like a distant silver trumpet, and which the beekeeper, who can hear it two or three yards away, recognizes as a prelude to a "secondary swarm." If this swarm occurs, a new colony will be formed with an unmarried queen at its head. The virgin queen will be able to lay eggs, but her issue will be entirely male, and as these idle drones never set out in search of sustenance, the colony will eventually perish of starvation.

If, however, it is ordained in the first place that the young princess shall become queen of the hive in which she was born, she will have to take a mate. To this end, she will set out upon a nuptial flight, for Nature insists that the marriage can only take place high in the air.

CHOOSING the day and hour she leaves the hive; and, after hovering for a moment as if to fix in her mind the situation to which she must return, she suddenly rises in the air. Instantly she is pursued by thousands of males from other hives. Higher and higher she soars until the weaker males fail to keep up with her; higher and higher still until only the strongest suitor of all reaches her and seizes her. There is one brief second of ecstasy as they fly together; a moment later her bridegroom falls dead to earth, his life-force spent.

The queen, returned to the hive, never emerges again and never seeks another lover. That one ceremony alone is sufficient to enable her to produce up to 1,500,000 eggs during her lifetime, which may continue for several years.

Throughout this changing drama of bee life, the drones do no work. Their sole purpose is to propagate their species, and only one in 10,000 succeeds in this. Such is the law of the survival of the fittest in the natural selection of the bees.

In late summer comes the climax of the drama. The drones emerge from the hive and bask in the sunshine; then, returning, obstruct the passages and hinder the work, feast upon the honey until they are fat and sleek and end their debauchery in sleep. That is too much for the workers. They realize that their winter store must be conserved at all costs. Next day, therefore, the drones awaken to find themselves surrounded by an army of wrathful virgins, each armed with a tiny drop of poison at the end of her sting. The amazons attack the males, cut off their wings, decimate their bodies, tear off their limbs, and expel them from the hive. A few drones escape, but in the evening, impelled by hunger and cold, they return to beg for shelter only to be attacked again.

So the battle continues until the threshold of the hive is strewn with corpses and the triumphant workers are left alone with their queen.

WHEN the massacre is over, the weary workers set out once more to gather from the fading flowers the last supplies of honey for their winter store. Many of them perish in the rain and wind. As the autumn leaves begin to fall, activity gradually lessens, building ceases, and the birth-rate declines.

Just at the present time of the year the beekeeper pays a final visit to his charges. From those that are well stocked with supplies he removes some of the honey and transfers it to the homes of their less fortunate sisters. Then, if he is wise, he covers the hives and leaves the inhabitants to their winter rest.

The queen, surrounded by her guard, takes up a position in the centre of the hive: some of the workers gather round and attach themselves to the cells, others cluster on top of them to keep them warm. When those on the outside feel the cold, they move inwards and others take their places. As they remain thus, clinging together, those nearest the cells pass the life-giving honey out to the others, and as the cells are gradually emptied the entire colony slowly moves across the face of the comb. At first their slumbers are fitful; at times, when the sun shines, they will venture forth upon a pleasure flight. But when the cold sets in, there is no sign of movement outside the hive and none within save the faint flutter of wings which the bees move to keep themselves warm until the sunshine of spring comes again.

AN AUTUMN SWARM enters a new hive in mass formation

"GRANDEUR IN ITS REALM OF SOLITUDE": Lovely Loch Baddagyle amid the rugged hills of Western Ross-shire

# Scotland in Autumn

DUSK: Looking towards the Torridon Mountains from the entrance to the Youth Hostel on the Gairloch Road, Western Ross-shire. The scenery in this district is claimed by many to be the most striking in the Highlands

Every beauty-spot has one period of the year when it is at its loveliest; autumn is the time to see the Western Highlands. Then the rains of August and early September are passed, and shafts of sunlight play on the hills and wooded hollows, ablaze with all the varied colours that come with the changing seasons. After September the steamer service to the lochs is curtailed, but there is always the picturesque West Highland Railway to take the traveller through the mountains to within sight of Skye. There are also many new roads which have done nothing to mar the beauty of these places, but have made them much more accessible than once they were

BY APPOINTMENT

DUNLOP

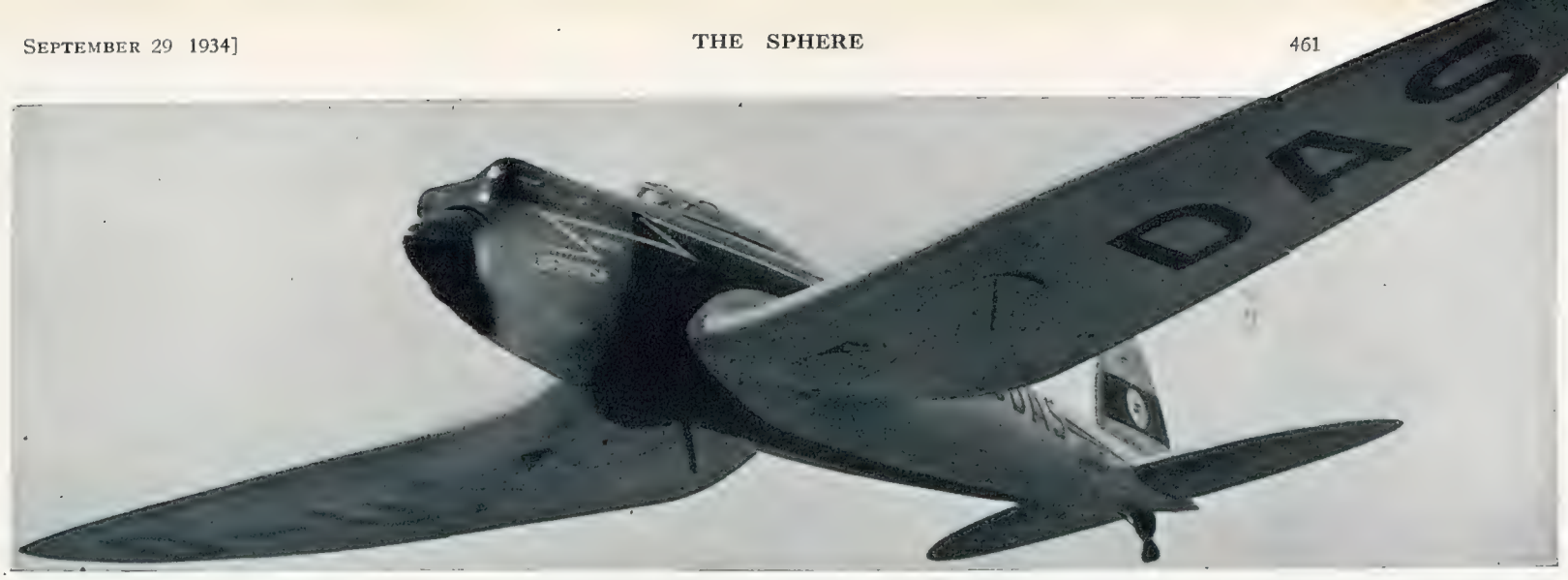
DUNLOP

DUNLOP

DUNLOP

C.F.H.

On His Majesty's Service



AN OUTSTANDING COMMERCIAL TYPE: This strange-looking craft, which is being used on many of Germany's air routes, has only one engine but can achieve a speed of about 235 m.p.h. When in flight the wheels are drawn up into the wings

# Four Fast 'Planes of To-day

## *The Increasing Use of the Retractable Undercarriage*

THE most striking feature of modern aircraft design is the introduction of the retractable undercarriage whereby, to reduce head resistance, the wheels and undercarriage struts are drawn up into the wings, engine nacelles, or body when the machine is in flight.

The Heinkel Mailcarrier, which is in use on German internal air lines and also on the Berlin-Madrid section of the Germany-South America air mail route, has a speed of some 235 m.p.h. and can carry seven persons. Its undercarriage and wheels fold outwards and upwards into the wings leaving a perfectly smooth under-surface. For a commercial aeroplane its performance is outstanding, but with a single engine of 630 h.p. it is somewhat costly to operate since with seats for four passengers and crew of two, the normal arrangement, its payload is only 880 lb., representing an expenditure of 157½ h.p. per passenger.

This machine has been criticized as being a war machine in disguise easily convertible into a high-speed bomber. Certainly its performance approximates to that of a modern day bomber, but it may be argued that any civil aeroplane can be easily converted to war uses, though most civil craft have not a performance comparable to that of war machines so that their value if converted would be problematical. The Heinkel is an exception and this, combined with the fact that it is built in Germany, has drawn criticism to it.

THE De Havilland Comet, specially designed for the England–Australia race, is a racing machine, yet is by no means a racing freak and could easily be converted into a high-speed mail carrier. It is the last word in British aircraft design and its speed is certainly much higher than the 200 m.p.h. guaranteed by the makers before construction was begun. Furthermore it carries about three-quarters of a ton of petrol in addition to a crew of two and can easily fly the 2,553 miles from England to Baghdad, the first and longest stage of the race, without stopping.

The United States with long trans-continental routes has specialized in high speed passenger and mail machines. The Douglas air liner, recently purchased by the Royal Dutch Air Line and entered for the England–Australia race, is an up-to-date edition of the Douglas machines used by Trans-continental and Western Air Incorporated on the New York–Los Angeles route. These aircraft carry fourteen to eighteen passengers at about 200 m.p.h. The two engines are of 700 h.p. each, and the wheels fold forward and upward into the engine nacelles. On the last day of mail operation by private companies in the U.S., February 19 last, one of these machines flew the 2,653 miles from Los Angeles to Newark, N.J., at an average speed of 205 m.p.h. So far, England has no commercial machine which can touch this.

One of the French entries for the Australia race is a Bleriot single-engined passenger monoplane. Originally exhibited at the Paris Aero Show two years ago with a 500 h.p. engine this machine has been extensively altered and now has an engine of 800 h.p. The wheels fold outwards up into the wings, and a speed of over 218 m.p.h. is claimed. With pilot and six passengers it has a range of 1,250 miles, but for the race presumably some at least of the passenger accommodation will be occupied by extra petrol tanks. Contrary to usual practice in modern transport craft the pilot sits in an open cockpit behind the passenger cabin where his view must be obstructed by cabin, wings, and struts.

C. D. Palmer

LINES OF SPEED: One of the new two-engined De Havilland "Comets." It has a range of well over 2,500 miles and carries about three-quarters of a ton of petrol

AN AMERICAN-MADE AIR-LINER ENTERED BY HOLLAND IN THE ENGLAND-AUSTRALIA RACE: An all-metal "Douglas" being unloaded from the S.S. *Statendam* on arrival at Rotterdam

A CABIN 'PLANE WITH AN OPEN COCKPIT: An up-to-date French machine of unusual design

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HAPPY-GO-LUCKY BELGIUM: A street scene in Brussels where the movements of neither pedestrians nor motorists are strictly controlled and yet the number of accidents is comparatively small

*The World Toll of the Road*

# BELGIUM AND HER TRAFFIC PROBLEM

## The Fourth of a Series of Articles on Conditions Abroad

AT first encounter, you would expect the toll of the road in Belgium to be pretty severe. There seems to be a delightful absence of rules and regulations; and a delightful absence of respect for the rules and regulations even where they do exist. Secondly, it is perhaps the most densely populated country in Europe, and that dense population spends most of its time in the streets and on the roads. Its eight millions of inhabitants are distributed in the ratio of 688 to the square mile, the density rising in Brabant to 1,325 to the square mile; and its small towns and villages are clustered along every road in the country, so that you hardly ever come upon a stretch of good, quiet road where a foreign driver would feel safe in testing the capacity of his car. The Belgian driver is always testing his car's capacity. A third reason why there ought to be more accidents: on the whole, the roads are bad.

As a fact, there are very few accidents: 4·3 road deaths per hundred thousand inhabitants, a figure comparing very favourably with other European countries, especially with those which take phenomenal and complicated care to avoid accidents. Antwerp, the second largest city of the kingdom, and from some points of view the busiest, had 6·3 fatal accidents per hundred thousand inhabitants in 1932, and 4·6 per hundred thousand in 1933, figures which only Stockholm can improve upon. Leeds, as a comparison, has 15·7 road deaths per hundred thousand inhabitants. When you try to find out why it is that the Belgian figures are so low, you are up against a problem: it seems unreasonable that they should be so low!

In Holland, Germany, England, and even in France, you have a host of pretty lights, automatic wonders, volumes of rules and regulations, highly-organized automobile associations, and an army of specially trained traffic police: out of this complication of co-ordinated effort, it is possible to choose some influence for the reduction of road fatalities, and to tot-up conclusions arising out of the operation of these highly developed traffic systems. The traffic system in Belgium offers no such opportunities. It is very simple. There are a few basic rules honoured more in the breach than in the observance, and a tendency to reduce control more and more. In such a city as Antwerp, for example, there is no centralized control.

WITH the object of going into the question, I visited the Chief Commissioner of Police, Monsieur Van Steen, in an old sixteenth-century building behind the Hôtel de Ville, which serves as Police Headquarters. A dear old gendarme in a snow-white helmet met me at the door, smiling through a colossal moustache and murmuring: "Come along, my gentleman! Come along, my gentleman!" I remembered having seen him in one of the busy traffic centres of Antwerp, idly manipulating his arms in a gesture which seemed to say to motorists rushing at all four corners of the earth: "Come along, my gentlemen!" That, I believe, is the spirit of the Belgian traffic police: Come along, my gentlemen, you can't flurry me, and if you smash your car, why, the worse for you!

Chief Commissioner Van Steen smiled graciously, as if to say—Is there a traffic problem? "I leave it entirely in the hands of divisional inspectors," he said. "We have found it advisable to make each division responsible for its own traffic. There is no special traffic branch of the police. The men you see controlling the city traffic are all ordinary policemen detailed for that duty, and our intention is to reduce, rather than increase, the number of police engaged in such work." I asked the Chief Commissioner if he did not think that dangerous, in view of the fact that traffic itself is much on the increase. "Not at all," he replied. "Our experience is that when traffic is left within reason to itself, it gets along much better than when under a complicated system of control. At all events, human control must be eliminated as far as possible. On the other hand, the automatic light control — the pedal system — where we have tried it out has proved very successful. We have experimented with this in one part of the city for just over a year, and in that centre not a single accident has been reported."

Much the same conclusions have just been come to by the Berlin traffic authorities. That is interesting in view of the great difference in conditions between Berlin and any Belgian city. The Berlin people are accustomed to obeying rules. It is the one city, I imagine, where a severe system of traffic control is likely to be completely successful. On the other hand, the Belgian makes a point of breaking rules. "Our people are naturally rebels against all forms of authority, and the outwitting of law officers, especially those engaged on traffic duty, is almost a national sport." I was told in Brussels that it is a common thing for cyclists to make wagers with one another over the distance they can cycle at night without showing a light. In Antwerp recently, a law was introduced insisting that pedestrians keep to the right; all pedestrians immediately kept to the left, but since it introduced some sort of regularity, the police were satisfied!

The happy-go-lucky conditions in Belgium have no ill-effect upon Belgian drivers. They like it. They are perfectly happy in a traffic jam and know instinctively, from long training, how to get out of it. They contend that when a policeman starts interfering, the accidents begin; and that seems equally to be the opinion of the authorities. But what of the foreign driver? I know certain Dutch drivers who say they always breathe a sigh of relief when they cross the frontier into Belgium, where they are left more or less to their own devices instead of being badgered by waving arms, flashing lights, wall-notices, and confusing injunctions studded into the roads. "In Belgium we can at least watch ourselves and the other fellow."

PERHAPS my Dutch friends know the Belgian driver better than I do, and better than most foreign drivers do. At all events, my first impression in Belgium was of a great confusion. When, for example, in a concentrated group of cars, you are the only one to obey a signal, you are likely not only to be involved in an accident but also in the wrath of your fellow-motorists, with the result that the next time you are utterly at a loss what to do. I must confess, however, that apart from myself, I saw nobody at a loss what to do; everyone did as he pleased. Where there actually were traffic policemen drivers still did as they liked, but did it a little quicker. In Belgium it is not just a question of breaking rules—anyone can do that—but of breaking them with your foot on the accelerator!

One curious reason was given to me to explain the relatively low average of road accidents in Belgium: the fact that, in the densely-populated centres, *roads are so bad that care is forced upon the driver; and have remained so narrow that opportunities for "cutting in" are minimized.* There is undoubtedly something to be said for the narrow, bad road, especially those paved with cobbles or brick; and one trembles to think how the Belgian driver in the neighbourhoods of Brussels, Antwerp, Charleroi, and similar centres would behave if their roads were of the wide, glass-surfaced variety so much on the increase in other countries. Unlike Holland, Belgium, since the War, has had no money for roads. The popular residential quarters of Mariaburg and Eekeren, where many wealthy Antwerpers live, are connected with the city by a narrow, badly-paved road which in any other western country would be considered intolerable and regarded as a death-trap. To the Belgian driver, however, there is nothing unusual about it; and accidents on this road are remarkably rare. They are now building a new, wide thoroughfare with the usual modern surface, and it is predicted in some quarters that, with the inauguration of the new road, the accidents will begin.

Belgium has a total of 44,780 kilometres of road, divided up thus:

| | |
|---|---|
| Routes de l'Etat - - | 8,774 |
| Routes provinciales - - | 1,578 |
| Routes vicinales - - | 34,407 |
| Routes concédées - - | 22 |

The Routes de l'Etat are equivalent to the French Routes nationales. They are good roads, constructed primarily for strategic reasons, but have none of the skating-rink surfaces favoured in modern road building. The Routes vicinales are what we generally understand as country roads, except that they are worse. Such roads may be wearing to the car, but they breed good drivers and, to judge by the records, are in fact much less dangerous to life and limb than the broad new roads which can never be broad enough for the reckless driver.

NOW the number of accidents, in proportion to the number of vehicles and the length of road, is comparatively small: 352 fatal accidents in 1933 and 8,072 non-fatal, which works out at 13·6 fatal accidents per 100,000 motor vehicles, and 310·4 non-fatal accidents per 100,000. Since 1930, there has been a steady decrease in the number of accidents throughout Belgium. Here are the figures from 1929:—

| | 1929 | 1930 | 1931 | 1932 | 1933 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fatal - - | 429 | 466 | 395 | 372 | 352 |
| Non-Fatal - | 8,033 | 8,858 | 8,104 | 8,021 | 8,072 |

They are very good figures, and rather surprising when you take into account the facts related above, adding this, perhaps the oddest fact of all—there is no driving test in Belgium. Anyone of age is entitled to manage any sort of motor vehicle.

"Are traffic accidents on the increase?" Commissioner Van Steen replied that this year might show a slight increase, more or less proportionate to the increase in motor-vehicles. He seemed to think, however, that the traffic measures contemplated would succeed in keeping the figures down. Those traffic measures seem to be simple enough, and the most important of them all is the removal, wherever possible, of the traffic policeman, and the establishing, where that is desirable, of automatic light signals worked on the pedal system.

Simplification rather than complication is the tendency of the Belgian traffic authorities. "The fewer rules we have, the fewer rules there are to break: that must be a consideration in a country which breaks rules as a matter of principle!"

R. E.

THE SAFE AND NARROW WAY: In the cities of Belgium there are many streets, such as this, which are so ill-paved and which leave cars so little room to pass that drivers automatically take the greatest care

# The Giant of St. Nazaire

RIVAL TO THE NEW CUNARDER: The French liner, *Normandie*, which is now nearing completion on the River Loire at St. Nazaire. She is 1,029 ft. in length, will be 79,280 tons gross, and will have a service speed of 28 knots

IN THE MAKING: A picture showing the graceful lines of the *Normandie*. She will set out on her maiden voyage next spring

Competition between the shipping companies is keener to-day than ever it was. Germany has her *Bremen* and *Europa*; Britain, as all the world knows, is building a new giant; and France has nearly completed the *Normandie*. It will not be long before these great ships will be striving for the Blue Riband of the North Atlantic, the speed record which means so much in prestige and brings with it the patronage of many. The pictures of the *Normandie* on this page reveal her as a very real rival to the new Cunarder: and, while she is above all else a luxury ship, it is easy to see from her lines that she is also built for speed. At the present moment nearly 3,000 workmen are engaged in fitting her out. The engines are in position, miles of electric cables have been installed, and the saloons and cabins are now almost ready to be decorated.

*On right*—THE PARTLY COMPLETED FUNNELS: They will be 64 ft. in diameter

WARNING TO THE CARELESS: How the Chinese Government makes use of posters to bring home to the people the dangers of walking on railway lines

# MENDING CHINA

## Where Order is Gradually Emerging out of Chaos—General Chiang Kai-shek, a Strong Man in a Weak Country

### BY H. J. GREENWALL

"COMMUNIST Army at the Gates of Foochow!" scream the headlines in the world's Press. From Tokio come dispatches stating that Japanese men-of-war are rushing towards the port "threatened by the Chinese Communist hordes." Then the news of Foochow gradually seeps away. The Chinese Communist Army, like the stage armies, never marches.

I was in the office of Mr. Eiji Amau, the so-often quoted "official spokesman" of the Japanese Foreign Office. We stood before a large wall map of China—China, shall I say, *à la japonaise*. The map, said Mr. Amau, was absolutely accurate. It showed a China divided into many unruly sections, sections in which the bandits were in control, and a sort of bulging waistline of China where the Communists were absolute masters; in fact, it seemed that the only parts of China where there were peace and quietness was the North, where the Japanese themselves were in charge. Then, in the spring of this year, I made a long trip through China. An open-minded observer will agree that for so many years we have heard nothing but the "Break up of China," so that our ears have not yet become attuned to the more pleasant but perfectly correct "Mending China." China is climbing out of her troubles, and the huge unwieldy mass is slowly becoming less chaotic.

The War Lords with the unpronounceable names have been pushed out of business, bombed out of business would perhaps be more correct. Banditry, one of the oldest of the old Chinese customs, still prevails, and will undoubtedly continue to prevail as long as China is China. Troubles come to China in cartloads, and the latest is the Silver question; for years the experts stated that once the world price of silver rose the purchasing power of the Chinese would increase. The actual result has been to drain silver out of China.

War Lord has fought War Lord, China has been plundered from end to end, but the situation of the War Lords is much like the negroes in the old-time "battles royal," when a number of coloured men went into a ring; spectators threw money in, and there was a glorious "free for all" fight. The last man left on his feet took everything. The last War Lord of any consequence on his feet is the short, wasp-waisted General Chiang Kai-shek. He takes all, and certainly all the credit for being the one strong man in a weak country.

CHINA viewed from the air shows a brown land tinged with green, and many furrows, like lines in the face of an aged man. The furrows are roads, cart tracks, some that meander for miles, and others that get nowhere at all. Along the roads and the cart tracks you will see moving figures in blue, for blue is the colour everybody wears. China at first seems to be a noisy medley in blue and brown, as untidy as the interior of the desk of an average schoolboy, but closer study proves my contention that orderliness is emerging from chaos.

Chiang, who is the most dangerous opponent in China the Japanese have to fear, received a Japanese military training; he speaks Japanese fluently. By origin Chiang is an out-and-out revolutionary. He commenced his career in Canton under the late Sun Yat Sen. Then he began a campaign against the North. With a fairly powerful army at his back, Chiang marched against forces undermined by propaganda from Moscow. The Chinese University in the Russian capital, whose students were disciples of Trotsky, were returning in masses to raise the standard of Bolshevik revolution in the North of China. The situation was, then, that the North was fighting the South, but both factions were sections of the Left wing of politics, Socialists versus Communists.

The situation then underwent another change. Chiang was married to a sister of the once all-powerful T. V. Soong, then Minister of Finance. The combination of Chiang and Soong, money and military power, began to make itself felt. The process of mending China appeared to be hastening forward. This did not suit the Japanese Government. There followed the seizure of Manchuria, and the *affaire* at Shanghai. The secret history of China, if ever told, will reveal many dark secrets of how the clock was put back in China. Soong, a son of a man who made a fortune by selling both Bibles and matches, is now rapidly fading into the background. Chiang Kai-shek is the star of China.

The Kiangsi Province, the home of the Communists, has been Chiang's objective for a long time. His policy has been to enclose the Province with a cordon of his troops and gradually to squeeze it—reducing a salient, they used to call it in the World War—but in this case the "salient" is about 200,000 sq. miles in area; quite a task, but not too big for Chiang.

It is quite important to understand that Communism in China, and more particularly in the Kiangsi Province, has very little in common with the Russian brand. Kiangsi suffered from absentee landlords, just as Ireland did. Because of this, Communism in Kiangsi is practically nothing more than an agricultural movement. The Communists are a body of farmers and peasants who march into towns and burn the title deeds of adjacent lands, which they then seize. One hears of Chinese Communist generals, such as Chu Teh, and Mao Chehtung, men of reputedly good families, with foreign military training. Little is really known concerning the strength of their armed forces, and indeed there is very little fighting. Chiang believes in the power of the bomb, and as his credit is good in the U.S.A. and Italy he has no lack of munitions.

CHIANG put his air force under the control of Colonel Shu Pei-kun, who was once in charge of the Nanking air base, but the gallant Colonel suffered from a traditional Chinese failing—he accepted bribes; indeed, it was discovered that he had also embezzled more than £70,000. Chiang showed no mercy. Another very old Chinese custom was brought into play—the executioner with the broadsword. Off went the head of Colonel Shu Pei-kun. Certain other people trembled.

I found the Bridge Hotel in Nanking full up with young Italian airmen dispatched by the Duce to sell Caproni machines to the Chinese Government. All over China I met with young Americans who had crossed the Pacific on missions that were anything but pacific. The Japanese became more and more annoyed, and in a fit of temper accused China of using the American Cotton Loan to purchase airplanes.

Chiang has a palace in Nanking, the new capital of China, but he is rarely there. His two wives, the official and the unofficial, are also both absent. At the present moment Chiang has with him about eighty German military officers. He is a great admirer of the German military machine.

In Nanking there is very considerable building development and a sincere attempt to make the city a capital worthy of the new China, but the task that confronts the new leaders is stupendous. Firstly, there is the ever-present threat of further complications with Japan. Japan, to-day, is absolute master in North China, and the men who are seeking to mend China are like people living in a house with an armed neighbour camping in the front garden. China for years to come will not be in a position to offer armed resistance to Japan; the Chinese know that very well, but the Chinaman does not think in periods of months or even years; time to him is even more relative than it is to Mr. Einstein.

"We know the Japanese have us in a delicate situation," said a Chinese official to me at lunch in Peiping, "but we can laugh." And the Chinaman did laugh. They laugh in China for one of two reasons—either because they think something funny, or because they are embarrassed. When embarrassed a Chinaman will laugh to save his face. For the same reason which prompts a Japanese to commit suicide.

IN ONE respect, however, China has abandoned the centuries-old tradition of "saving face." The decision to move from Pekin (now called Peiping) must have cost the loss of a considerable amount of self-respect to the intellectual Chinese.

"Money makes the mare go" in China as in all other parts of the world. The shortage of money is going to make the mending of China very slow indeed. The Central Government will probably deal very shortly with the latest crisis, to which I have already briefly referred—the draining of silver. At present the currency question is really chaotic. Northern money is at a discount in the South. Paper money is worth more than coin; paper money is called "big money" and coin "little money"; prices are quoted in "big" or "little."

Slowly, however, the new financiers of China are proving to foreign financiers that China is on the mend and that credits can be accorded without undue risk. In nine Chinese provinces conditions are very close to normal; all these provinces have local governments but recognize the authority of the Central Government of Nanking.

All the chaos of China has been due to bad finance. The majority of the War Lords were nothing more or less than bandits. They fought each other to seize territory in order to levy taxes on the unfortunate peasantry; they squandered the money they collected, and in many cases refused to pay their armies. The consequences were—and in some cases still are—that the soldiers looted in order to live. Foreign military attachés in China agree that when paid and fed the Chinese soldier has few equals in the world.

With Northern China semi-abandoned, foreign diplomats have to "commute" between Peiping and Nanking, on what is called the Shanghai Express, but which bears no resemblance whatsoever to the fantastic film of the same name. In Peiping there are still quartered contingents of British, French, American, and Japanese troops. With all but the Japanese it is just garrison work. The Japanese march and counter-march. They want John Chinaman to know who is master. But John just laughs; whether he thinks it funny, or whether he is trying to save his face, I do not know!

A WESTERN GAME IN AN EASTERN SETTING: Footballers in the grounds of a Canton school. It was formerly a temple

# TOKYO AND YOKOHAMA

## News from Two Japanese Cities

REQUIESCANT IN PACE: Memorial tablets and banners outside the temple dedicated to the 30,000 people who lost their lives in the disastrous earthquake of 1923 which laid in ruins whole districts of Tokyo and neighbouring Yokohama

RISEN FROM THE RUINS: A modern office building in the port of Yokohama—one of many erected to take the place of those destroyed in the earthquake. The judicious blending of Oriental and Occidental styles is typical of contemporary Japanese architecture

YOUTH TAKES A HAND: Tokyo police officers toasting a party of schoolgirls who marched through the streets of the city appealing to motorists and pedestrians to observe greater caution. Japan evidently takes its traffic problem just as seriously as do England, France, and the United States

BEING PREPARED: Members of the Tokyo Young Men's Federation with some of the gas masks and fire buckets which they distributed prior to a recent demonstration to train citizens how to act in case of attack from the air

THE BALM OF EASE: Viscount Saito, the Japanese Prime Minister who resigned with the rest of his Cabinet as the result of a financial scandal which involved several of his colleagues, now spends much of his time in the garden of his lovely Tokyo home

RUS IN URBE: London is without doubt more fortunate than most cities in the number of her open spaces, and this picture gives an excellent idea of the wooded expanses in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park Corner. Note Buckingham Palace set in its woodland garden

ONCE A SLUM, NOW A CENTRE OF BUSINESS ACTIVITY: Where spacious Kingsway joins the Aldwych semi-circle. In the foreground is Bush House, one of the largest blocks of offices in London, which is constructed in the somewhat severe style so typical of present-day commercial architecture

BUSY HIGHWAYS MEET: Hyde Park Corner and its shady islands. *Right* — The graceful curve of modern Regent Street

# LOOKING DOWN ON LONDON

## An Unusual Series of Views from the new Police Autogyro

GIANTS OF THE WEST END: The Marble Arch dwarfed by the semi-skyscrapers which have recently risen above Oxford Street

Owing to regulations demanding that aircraft shall fly over built-up areas above a certain altitude, it is not easy to obtain very detailed aerial views of London. These pictures, however, were taken by Charles E. Brown from the autogyro which is being used by Scotland Yard for traffic observation and control, and which has permission to operate at any height. They are decidedly unusual and reveal the metropolis in an entirely new light.

THE THROBBING HEART OF THE METROPOLIS:
A remarkable aerial view of Trafalgar Square from the police autogyro

# When London Stops Growing

## Experts who Declare that there will be a Decrease in the Population by 1951

By W. HOLT WHITE

"YES, London will be a nice place when it is finished."

Will it? One is beginning to wonder whether this immortal wisecrack was uttered in all good humour or spoken in bitter jest.

Those concerned seem to have made a pretty bad mess of it so far. The question, however, is whether London will ever be finished. From the time of one's childhood one seems to have heard someone ceaselessly uttering the banality: "Some day, of course, the houses will stretch all the way from London to Brighton." Well, they do nearly now. But will London ever be finished?

I can reveal the extraordinarily gratifying fact that it will. That is as far as actual growth is concerned. Down at County Hall the permanent officials include a number of extraordinarily able experts; and down at County Hall I received the information—given in a detached and impersonal manner—that London was just about as big as it was ever going to be.

The birth rate is dropping. The tide of invasion from the North is slowing up. The multiplication of light industries—in particular along London's western borders—has, it is estimated, nearly reached its maximum. Essex, as a site for heavy industries, has been exploited almost to the full, and it seems that, but for notable exceptions, heavy industries cannot be coaxed to London. It doesn't suit them.

IT IS estimated that when the next census takes place it will be found that London will not have made much progress in numbers, if numbers be progress. It is expected that the figures will swing level with those of 1931, and by the time the census 1951 comes round that the population will show a not inconsiderable decrease.

On the whole, therefore, one may take it that London, as far as size is concerned, has practically reached its zenith. The question is, what sort of a city will it be before it starts to shrink?

There is no doubt that there is going to be a tremendous effort to "tidy London up." But as far as the next twenty years are concerned it is obvious that it will not, and cannot, be tidied up on united lines.

All kinds of bodies—notably the Greater London Regional Planning Committee—have dreamed all manner of dreams. But London is made up of too many warring elements to permit, at any rate for years to come, of any one great plan going through.

And some of the greatest obstacles to a general tidying up are the whims and fancies and almost continuous and unconscious upheavals of London's kaleidoscopic population. In fact, the 8,000,000 just refuse to do what they are told to do, even though it is for their best; and enterprise and business are kept alive by the fact that vast interests in building are concerned in "giving the public what it wants," and in the main this has succeeded rather well.

Incalculable millions of pounds are involved. Sometimes there are financial disasters of which nothing is heard, and sometimes vast fortunes are made. But from the Bank of England, which may be regarded as the centre of all these activities, to the periphery of Greater London which zigzags unsteadily round Kent, Surrey, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, and Essex, there is terrific competition in every phase of building activity.

Now, however, that financial houses, great speculators, colossal contracting firms, architects and builders can more or less see finality, things are shapening and hardening; and to those whose business it is to look at the matter "by and large," rather than from the point of view of speculative exploits in a certain district, it is more or less possible to gauge what the almost immediate future of architectural London will be.

TO ASSIST one in this direction there is the Building Exhibition at Olympia, where, if you dig into things, you can discover a good deal.

It is a remarkable exhibition which has the august support of the Royal Institute of British Architects and the assistance of a perfectly boosted trade optimism. There is, to begin with, the comfortable assumption on the part of the Building Industrial National Council that 350,000 houses will be built during the next twelve months. In fact, from the point of view of building, it is to be a record year—a year which will call for such items as six thousand million bricks; two thousand, two hundred and fifty million squares of tiles or slates; a million cisterns; and thirty-three million squares of glass. Incidentally, there were once 980 odd sizes in baths, but the makers have now reduced the standard sizes to three.

Modern conditions demand modern architecture, and in particular modern engineering, and that however much one may deplore violent change, the violent changes in architecture merely follow commercial and social upheavals.

Majestic premises inspire confidence, and so bankers, insurance companies, great financial houses, the headquarters of shipping companies, and so on, have become increasingly magnificent. But it must be remembered that most of these enterprises were begun before the great depression. Some institutions continue on their opulent way—notably the bankers. But on the whole the building within the city, if not always strictly economically necessary, has been sound, from the point of view of natural expectations of business to come. It is when you get outside the one square mile that the trouble begins. The area concerned is vast, and within that area there has been every species of experiment—from super-luxury flats and super offices to a riot of estates on the fringe.

Perhaps the greatest phenomenon of the whole business is the luxury flat. But this is merely incidental to the complete social and domestic upheaval throughout London. This alone would require a corps of historians to record, and can only be touched on briefly. Anyone of, say fifty, can recall the day when every house in Queen's Gate or the Cromwell Road (which, see Kipling, was frequently choked with broughams) contained at least eleven servants and half a dozen uproarious children. Hard times sent these happy families flying to the country or the suburbs. Then the children grew up and had to work, and the parents were left alone. South Kensington became a vast city of private hotels in which elderly people found a little social life. Following that arose a honeycomb of one-room flats for the younger people. Lovely to pay 30s. a week and have a latchkey.

THEN what had happened on the south side of the Park began to happen on the north side. And now on both sides of the Park is an entirely new institution known as the "key flat." In these buildings you can get most of the advantages of the hotel, plus some of the amenities of a club, at comparatively low cost. This is the very latest phase in living.

So far we have been dealing with the middle classes. Now we come to the upper classes—because it was from the experiments made on behalf of the middle classes that the luxury flat took shape. A few years ago the mere rent of these luxury flats was anything from six to twelve hundred pounds. In some cases it still is; but the end of the multiplication of luxury flats is in sight. True, many are still in the course of erection, but they are of a more modest type than those which first staggered London.

From Mayfair to those endless "estates" where you can purchase a house for a pound down and 12s. a week is a far cry. It is spiritually a further cry to Becontree—the greatest horror yet perpetrated by the L.C.C., and for which it must, in fairness, be said that the Party now in power is not responsible. It has been realized that Becontree was an awful mistake, in the same way that it has been realized that while slums must be abolished you get no thanks from the slum dwellers.

It seems that the dwellers in L.C.C. houses like affluent neighbours and the general amenities of a better-class district. Even if they cannot enjoy them directly, they enjoy them vicariously. And that, perhaps, is the greatest and most potent discovery which has been made in town-planning yet.

It is, indeed, the varying psychological sentiments and reactions of the Londoner which is producing so much change and chaos at the present time. People weary of a back garden are returning to London. Those who imagine that a strip of garden and a gooseberry bush would be good for them are moving out. The whole thing is in flux.

One of the matters most difficult to understand is the astonishing multiplication of estates. But there is a strange statistical reason for their growth. Thirty years ago a small house would hold a family of five, twenty years ago it held a family of four, ten years ago it held a family of three. Now they are building them for families of two with the possibility of the advent of a third. Thus it is that—paradoxical though it may seem—fewer people require more houses.

Well, here, in the very barest outline, is news of the Brave New London which is being built for us.

THE greatest marvel is how the immense work of rebuilding and reconstructing London is financed. In the case of luxury flats, the capital is usually put up by an insurance company or financial house which buys the land. The land must remain even if the tenants disappear. The buildings are provided by great contracting firms. Finally comes in the company which is to run the whole; and if, as occasionally happens, the venture is not successful, one hears little about it.

Much the same system applies to the best of the "estates." The finance of the lesser enterprises will probably only be discovered when the owners—without any personal effects except a car on the hire-purchase system and a cocktail shaker—are sitting amid the ruins.

# THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

STATELY LONDON HOMES IN THE HANDS OF THE HOUSEBREAKER: The partly demolished residences in aristocratic Arlington Street, which once belonged to Lord Zetland, Lord Mickleham, and Lord Yarborough. They are making way for a new block of flats

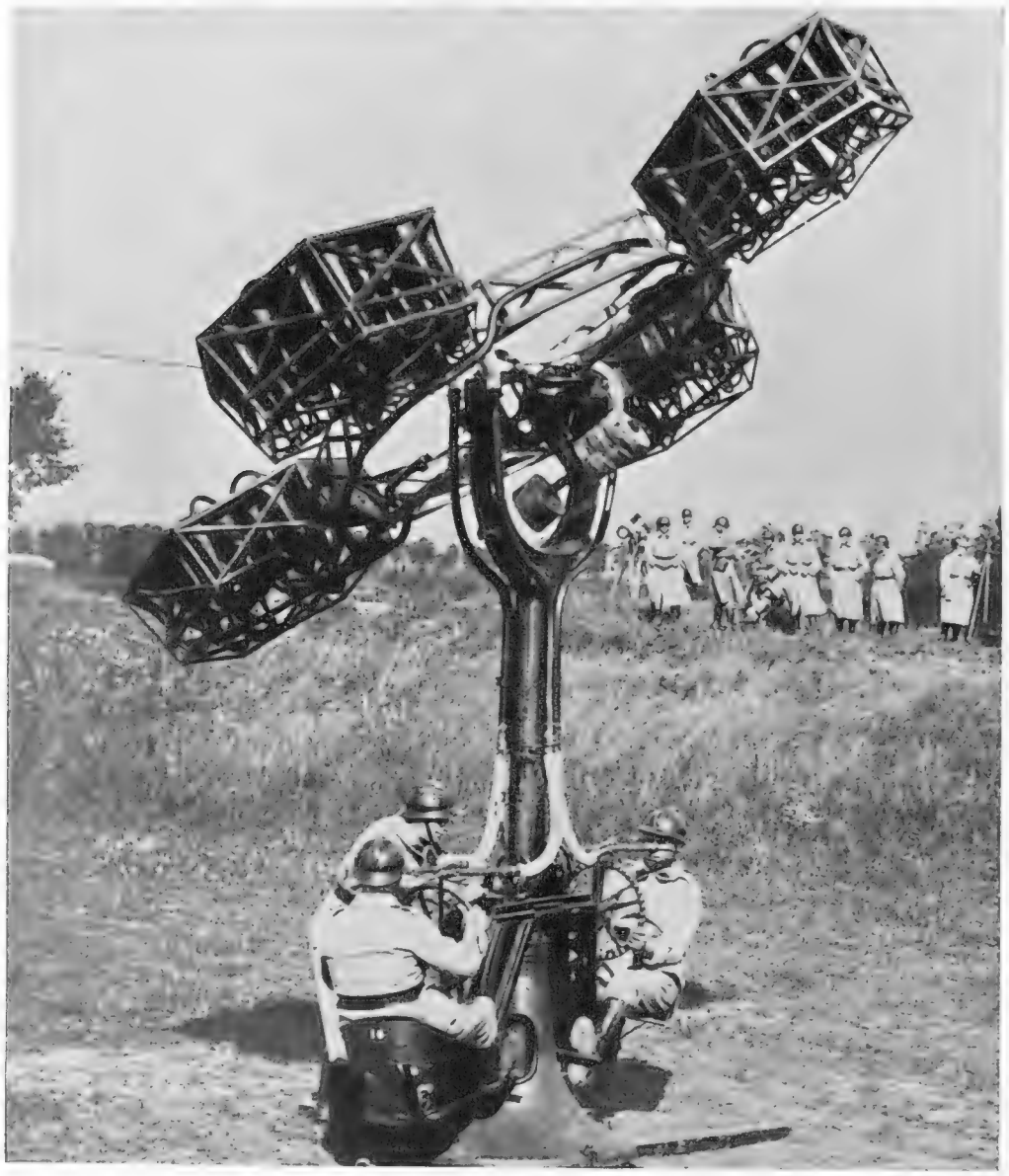
MODERNIZING LORD'S: Although the cricket season has only just finished, the old members' stand has been removed and preparations are well in hand for the erection of a new structure on the cantilever principle

OVERLOOKING THE GREEN PARK: One of the roofless houses of Arlington Street, St. James's, which soon will be no more. So many distinguished politicians lived there in Horace Walpole's time that he called it "The Ministerial Street"

ACTIVITY IN LOMBARD STREET: Workmen removing the east wall of All Hallows Church. It formed part of an earlier building which was damaged in the Great Fire

A SLUM ON SHOW: Two views of Susanah Place, Shoreditch, a decrepit row of tottering houses, condemned as unfit for human habitation, which was transported piece by piece to the Building Exhibition at Olympia. Even rubbish from the original site was brought along in order to add to the realism of the scene. *Left*—The little local store. *Right*—The old backyard, so dearly loved by the slum-dweller

A RANGE-FINDER used during the recent Air Force manœuvres in France. It can indicate the exact altitude and speed of enemy 'planes the moment they come into sight



OBTAINING VITAL INFORMATION FOR GUNNERS: This ingenious instrument, which is described in the column on the right, can detect the position of an aeroplane hidden behind the clouds

# Anti-Aircraft Apparatus

## *Modern Methods of Outwitting Aerial Invaders*

MODEL Victorian children were seen and not heard. The model aviator of 1934 raiding over enemy territory goes one better: he tries neither to be heard nor seen.

Unfortunately for him the modern aerial defence force has developed extremely ingenious ways of finding out where he is and what he is up to.

The curious object shown in the picture on the left and which looks like four honeycombs, can ascertain the position of an aeroplane which can be heard but not seen. The honeycombs are sound detectors set in pairs. One soldier controls the height and angle of his pair of detectors by means of the steering wheel in front of him. He has an earphone from each of his detectors. By varying the height and angle of both his detectors, soldier No. 1 hears the roar of the enemy aircraft with varying intensity in each ear. When the intensity is equal in both his ears, he has located the enemy and he takes a compass bearing. Soldier No. 2, working in the same way, gets the height of the approaching machine. Soldier No. 3 then plots a series of rapid calculations to allow for the prevailing wind and the speed at which sound travels. Within eight seconds an expert at this job can hand his results to his commanding officer who telephones to the anti-aircraft batteries.

Soldiers selected for this delicate work must have equal hearing in both ears. Experts tell me that the results obtained are extraordinarily accurate.

Needless panic has been shown in the civilian populations of several European countries after their recent air manœuvres. The sensational Press has reported entire capital cities in ruins, and the fact that officials have done nothing to contradict these stories suggests that they are not altogether displeased at the spreading of ideas which may make an increase in the national air estimates pass with less criticism in these anti-militarist days. Experts have pointed out to me, however, that if the recent French manœuvres suggest that it is impossible entirely to prevent *some* enemy aircraft from attaining their objectives, they cannot demonstrate how many would have been brought down *en route*. Heavy bombers are vulnerable craft, and one expert assures me that the odds to-day are heavily against them.

Joss'eyn Hennessy

## STEEL STEEDS

Wireless-equipped armoured cars used by the 1st Cavalry Unit of the United States Army

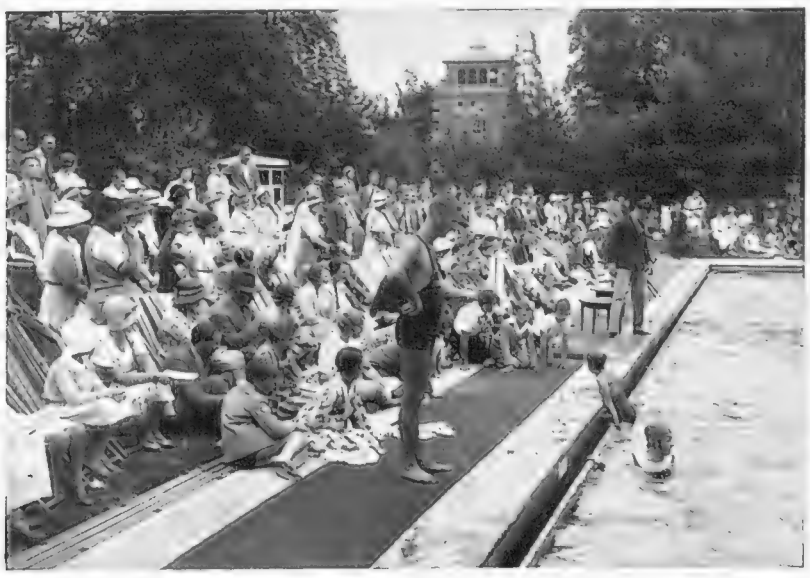
# WHAT OTHER PEOPLE ARE DOING

TWO NOTABLES IN THE FILM WORLD: Mr. L. Toeplitz who is financing *The Dictator*—a new picture in which Miss Madeleine Carroll (right) is to have a leading part. He also provided financial backing for *The Private Life of Henry VIII* and *Catherine the Great*

THE P.M.G. PRESIDES: Sir Kingsley Wood (centre standing) with the Swedish and Norwegian Ministers at a dinner given by the Government to members of the International Scientific Radio Union, an organization engaged in wireless research, which has been holding its plenary congress in London

TRYING HER HAND AT HOOP-LA: Lady Vansittart, wife of the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, at one of the stalls after opening a garden fête at Mount Vernon Hospital, Northwood, Middlesex. *On right* — A STROLL IN THE PARK: Lady Brougham and Vaux with her son

WEDDING BELLS: Mr. Thomas Trotter of the 60th Rifles, third son of Colonel A. R. Trotter and Lady Edith Trotter, and Miss Joan Fisher-Rowe, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. M. Fisher-Rowe, leaving Holy Trinity Church, Kensington Gore, after their marriage last week. The bride was given away by her uncle, Rear-Admiral Claude Seymour



A GALA DAY: A scene beside the pool at Oatlands Park Hotel, Weybridge, during an aquatic sports meeting. In a deck chair behind the figure in the foreground is Sir Cecil Hunter-Rodwell, until recently Governor of Southern Rhodesia

A LEADER OF WOMEN: Miss Margaret Neeson (right) who has been chosen to represent British Equity, the trade union of the stage, on behalf of her colleagues in the cabaret of the Trocadero Restaurant, Shaftesbury Avenue

# EXIT KING WILLOW

## The Passing of Another Glorious Season

OFFICIALLY the cricket season ends—has, alas, ended—with the pulling up of the stumps at the end of the last day's play in the traditional match, Champion County v. Rest of England, at the Oval. No doubt the season is quite long enough from the point of view of those lordly ones who are able to play cricket all day and every day from the beginning of May till the middle of September with a good deal of heavy travelling thrown in. They are the people whose doings are recorded in special editions with "Lunch Scores" and "Close of Play" headlines—which must surely bewilder some of those uninitiated foreigners whom we are busily inviting to "Come to Britain"—whose autographs are bartered amongst small boys, whose alleged likenesses appear on cigarette cards, and who sign, even if they do not entirely compose, Empire-breaking and Empire-healing articles on cricket to the bewilderment of many readers of eminent Sunday newspapers.

But for us, the insignificant un-sung, each succeeding cricket season is all too short, even such a season as this sunbaked one of 1934 in which fewer games have been spoilt by rain than in any year within recent memory. You will find us still playing on our village greens right up to the very last Saturday in September, for we are not of the stuff that takes into serious account such factors as dew on the wicket and fading light. "Leg theory," "body-line bowling," "reform of the l.b.w. rule"—we have heard a lot about these things and we discuss them all with due solemnity over our beer and 'baccy after the game. Some of us are bold enough to advance our own revolutionary opinions about them and even to scoff a little at "all this 'high-falutin' clap-trap," but we know our position and realize that all these new-fangled controversies are not for the likes of us on the village green.

CONTRAST: Durston, the giant Middlesex bowler, and Sandham, the diminutive Surrey batsman, at a charity match held a few days ago at Twickenham

Let the high priests, remote and mystic, deal with these shibboleths, whose importance we only vaguely apprehend. For us the point is whether Bert, our demon bowler, with his notoriously uncertain motor-bike, will get there next Saturday in good time and whether our George will fulfil his ambition, before the season is over, of scoring three sixes into the pond off one over.

We shall all be a good deal weaker for these final matches because the Public Schools will have demanded the presence of their members, and because the young gentlemen staying with the Colonel will have departed elsewhere, either on tour with the Old Grangefordians or, more incredibly, to shoot partridges. But we shall manage somehow, for their places will be taken by the village schoolmaster, returned to duty, and by the new constable, whose transfer has at last been wangled by our president, who happens also to be chairman of the bench, and otherwise influential. Moreover, Parson will always turn out in a real emergency, though his highest score for the last three years has been his six (not out) against the Hunt XI.

You won't find long reports of our matches; we consider ourselves lucky if the detailed score gets into a corner, near the sheep dip advertisement, of the local weekly, and so you will never learn of the heroic catch the Colonel made at point, nor of the hysterical confusion of the enemy fieldsmen brought about by Bill Stebbings' and Ted Blythe's partnership of 23 for the last wicket.

But it is the real cricket—these village games that thrive in every secluded corner of the country—and if you happen to catch a glimpse of us as you flash by in your cars, do please notice how smart and well-turned-out we all are nowadays.

Braces are no longer tolerated, and even grey flannel trousers are rather frowned upon, though even plus-fours are admitted in the case of an emergency substitute.

Where we score so heavily over the lordly ones is that we are not tied down to a ridiculous time-table that insists on 6.30 as the correct hour for stopping cricket.

Our time-table is governed by the state of the game, the amount of daylight left, and the length of the shadow of the big chestnut-tree.

It has been a good season, Ashes or no Ashes, both for those still playing and for those reduced to the role of spectator.

How many of us once again will pack our boots away in October, give our bat its winter bath of oil, and feel that we shall really have to give the game up! And we shall all, or nearly all, decide next May on the first warm sunny Saturday that we ought, after all, to have just one more season of the best game in the world.

H. E. Powell-Jones

THE LAST HIT: Hendren neatly turning the ball to leg to give the Rest a well-deserved victory over Lancashire, the champion county

THE END OF FIRST-CLASS CRICKET: Drawing the stumps after the match between the Champion County and the Rest of England

AT SLOUGH CATTLE MARKET: A butcher's grader (left) signing a form to show that the cattle he has inspected are eligible to receive the Government subsidy

# THE BEEF SUBSIDY

## What it is and How it Works

THE past three years have seen some small improvement in certain branches of British agriculture, but the beef trade has gone from bad to worse. Prices fell catastrophically in 1932 and in 1933. The cut in Irish imports, made in December, 1933, failed to help matters, and prices of fat and store cattle are now below the pre-war levels. This means that the fat-stock farmer stands to make a dead loss of between £4 and £8 on every beast he sends to market.

The Government, therefore, has been compelled to take immediate steps to save this branch of the industry from complete collapse. On September 1 the Cattle Industry (Emergency Provisions) Bill came into force, providing for payments at a rate not exceeding 5s. per live hundredweight—9s. 4d. per dead hundredweight—to producers of certain classes of fat cattle sold for slaughter. Payments will be made from what is known as the Cattle Fund, which will be of a sum not exceeding £3,000,000, obtained from the Consolidated Fund, i.e. from the taxpayer. In short, there is now a State subsidy for the fat stock industry.

Farmers who desire to get the benefit of the subsidy have to present their beasts for certification at the centres that have been opened in various parts of the country. To get the subsidy, the beasts must come within certain set standards, the most important of which are that they shall weigh not less than 5½ cwt. when ready for killing, and shall be in such a condition as to produce at least 52 per cent. saleable meat. When graded and certified the beasts are marked by a cut in the ear.

This emergency scheme is intended to keep the home beef trade alive until something more permanent can be arranged. It is hoped that by agreement with the Argentine and the Dominions it will be possible to arrange quotas on beef imports, and collect the subsidy not from the British taxpayer but by a levy of about 1d. per lb. on imported beef.

J. Baker White

[24 & 25 GEO. 5.] *Cattle Industry (Emergency Provisions) Act*, 1934. [CH. 54.]

CHAPTER 54.

An Act to provide for the establishment of a Cattle Fund; for the making of payments and advances to the said fund out of moneys provided by Parliament and out of the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom; for the making of payments out of the Cattle Fund to producers of cattle in respect of the sale by them, during a limited period, of certain cattle or carcases of certain cattle; for the marking of imported cattle; for the appointment of a Cattle Committee; and for purposes connected with the matters aforesaid. [31st July 1934.]

BE it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

THE CATTLE INDUSTRY (EMERGENCY PROVISIONS) ACT, 1934: A reproduction of part of the first page of the official publication giving details of the new measure designed to assist the British fat-stock farmer

# WHEN FRIENDS MEET

"Chilly Evenings now!" "Yes — one gets quite a "White Label" feeling!"

# DEWAR'S

The Famous

"White Label"

*Gilbert Cousland*

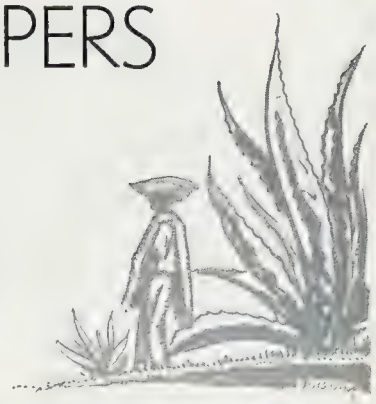
# WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

is answering the increasing demand for a British Ale, as a light, refreshing beverage at supper, after the theatre or dance.

TRADE MARK

*Whitbread & Co., Ltd. Brewers Since 1742*

# SUN WORSHIPPERS



Made in a dark grey woollen fabric with chalk-white hairs. The cape below has a collar of black broadtail. It is worn with a grey dress patterned with a large chalky plaid

Here is more news about the dress that is being worn above with the complementary cape, and is seen on the right at the head of the page by itself. It has a fascinating collar formed by a standing fold which is carried down the line of the raglan sleeve to the underarm. Three frivolous muslin bows mark the side opening, a bright green suède belt encircles the waist, and two stitched folds run down the skirt to the hem, where there is a slight concentrated fullness at one side. It comes from the Suit and Ensemble Department of Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

There are many variations of the evening silhouette, but if you want to look svelte, sophisticated, and unmistakably fashion-conscious, choose a dress that has a tunic—especially if it is as classically graceful as the one on the right, which dips at the back in sympathy with the line of the train. This is made in heavy white crêpe Malaga, with a bow across the front of the neck, and widened shoulder straps of black chiffon velvet. It is made in beautiful combinations of colour. Incredible though it seems, it costs only seven and a half guineas at Harrods, of Knightsbridge

TILLY LOSCH RE-APPEARS IN "STREAMLINE," the new Cochran revue which had an excellent reception when it was tried out at the Manchester Opera House at the beginning of this month, and which opened in London this week

# PLAYS *of the* DAY

WHEN THE WALTZ ARRIVED TO SHOCK ENGLAND: One of the many prelates hanging

## Douglas Fairbanks Junior in "Moonlight Is Silver" : An Imported Comedy at Wyndham's : The Latest P. G. Wodehouse Effort

MISS CLEMENCE DANE wrote a play about Shakespeare, and Shakespeare wrote a play about jealousy, and now Miss Dane has written a play about jealousy. *Moonlight Is Silver* concerns a couple of young married fools who spend the greater part of three acts squabbling and making it up, accusing here, confessing there, and generally having an uncomfortable time of it.

They were so silly that they deserved to be uncomfortable. That did not matter vastly. But a play as disappointing as this from so distinguished an author gives cause for regret which in my case will not be diminished by the box-office success it is quite likely to achieve thanks in part to the two popular personalities who are employed to interpret it.

Wives do plenty of improbable things, on and off the stage, though I doubt whether any wife would tell her husband, whom she loves, that she has been unfaithful (when she has not been anything of the sort), just to put a stop to an uncomfortable situation. She might say it as a joke—a precious poor one—or she might say it, if sadistically inclined, to torture him. Of course, her husband was angry and jealous and suspicious, so she made him worse by being exasperatingly circuitous in her explanations instead of telling the simple truth in a simple manner.

This, however, would have removed the need, at no time a pressing one, for this play to exist at all; it would also have deprived Miss Gertrude Lawrence of a "fat" part which she made so much fatter by over-elaboration that its richness became positively indigestible. We were left, therefore, with three acts of nervy, wordy squabbling, which, presumably, were intended to teach two youngsters how to live together with lots of money and lots of love in a pleasant country house.

Plays about marriages which gang agley in unreal and undramatic fashion being rather the vogue this season, I can recommend dramatists to study the advice of old Mr. Weller when he pointed out to his Samuel that "When you're a married man you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste."

I fancy that quite a lot of people will like this play. That, again, is a matter of taste.

Miss Gertrude Lawrence possesses so many gifts for the stage that I sometimes wish she had less. She has a brilliant personality, brains in plenty—you can almost hear them working—abundant confidence, technique, and charm. But as the heroine of *Moonlight Is Silver* she never for an instant gave me the impression that she was a real person.

All the time she was a clever actress, "doing her stuff." The sudden lowering of the voice to get a laugh out of a line, the tense indignation, the passionate sobbing, the wild abandon of that rather absurd confession scene, were as perfect as the cut of her obviously expensive clothes. Yet I can picture the astonishment a woman would cause in a real and not a stage drawing-room if she were to behave exactly as Miss Lawrence behaved at the Queen's Theatre.

Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jun., showed at times a certain awkwardness which was an asset, in that it suggested sincerity. He has something to learn; but is already quite a good young actor. Mr. Barry Jones, bland and easy, was the other man who caused all the trouble, and Miss Helen Haye brought her aristocratic poise usefully to bear in a hectic rather than exciting atmosphere.

RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL: The girl who ran away from home to be an actress (played by Beatrix Lehmann) tells her "gray-haired old nanny" and her brother and sister of her adventures. A scene from *Eden End*, the latest play by J. B. Priestley at the Duchess

"THE NIGHT HAWK" AT THE VAUDEVILLE: Dr. Perry Colt (Martin Lewis) and the elderly woman whom he rejuvenates (Beatrix Thomson). This new medical drama by Roland Oliver was well received on the first night

### "No More Ladies."

—Another married couple wrangle at Wyndham's in *No More Ladies*, a comedy which comes from America and has been given a slight English varnish. They do not wrangle so ambitiously; indeed, the author's main ambition seems to have been not to write melodramatic scenes of storm

# *Reviewed by* PHILIP PAGE

tertaining episodes in *Streamline*. Note the portraits of frowning
n the wall

and stress, but light, bright, and witty dialogue. His dialogue is always light, sometimes bright, and never witty. But he provides some amusing patches, and since he obviously has the talent for this type of entertainment it is a pity he so often allows it to be marred by poor taste or by lines so feeble that I marvel that they were not deleted at rehearsal.

Edward Warren, a bit of a cad who flaunts his lady-killing, marries Diana Townsend, a nice young girl who would be nicer if she were not so this-brave-new-world-conscious. In Act II he confesses that he has been unfaithful, and, unlike Miss Dane's heroine, really has been. So Diana hits on the odd plan of inviting to the familiar country house the blonde who has been his mistress, and an odd collection of noisy folk who have known her husband and have been married to or divorced from each other.

How this was to effect a reconciliation I do not know. But it did, for Diana says *she* has been unfaithful with one of the gang; when her husband, clasping her in his arms in repentant rapture, asks if this is really true, she answers, "I'll tell you—on our golden wedding-day!" There's optimism for you!

I have no great sympathy with the modern Russian drama. But it does seem to make an attempt to grapple with realities, and sometimes with big realities. I would prefer it, propaganda and all, to these footling little comedies about the footling little love affairs of footling little people. If such plays are really amusing they are, of course, justified. Unfortunately, they are so seldom amusing, and when they try to be serious they are apt to be even worse.

*No More Ladies* is rather better than many of its type, though it is a poor affair. Some good acting helps it along. Miss Ellis Jeffreys is wasted as a slangy grandmother, but endures the process superbly. Miss Ann Todd, with her attractive sincerity, came as near as humanly possible to making something possibly human out of Diana. Mr. Arthur Margetson is an accomplished light comedian, and that admirable actor, Mr. Evelyn Roberts, makes a brief but welcome appearance as a hearty nit-witted peer.

Parts of the second act were accompanied by a piano in one corner of the stage and a riotous game of bridge in the other, so that it was difficult to gather the drift of things. Perhaps they were only drifting.

**"Who's Who?"**—Were it not so obviously good-humoured, *Who's Who?* the new P. G. Wodehouse effort at the Duke of York's, could be called a very snobbish play. One does not require realism in farce, so there is no need to emphasize the point that it is most improbable that in these days a young cockney barber would be so out of place in a peer's country house that he would not know how to behave at the dinner-table, that he would have to take lessons from the butler in what to drink and when to drink it, that he would play a concertina all over the place, and commit other gaucheries by the score. The films and the new democracy have alike seen to that.

Conversely, one might also point out that the aristocracy is not solely composed of semi-imbecile young men with drawling voices, of Bateman colonels, and icy grey-haired dames who stare insolently through lorgnettes at all intruders. But having established that false if useful distinction, Mr. Wodehouse might at least have made it entertaining. The late Jimmy Welch used to shine in plays of this type which must surely have been rather better plays.

*Who's Who?* has a story which is a rehash of *The Gondoliers*, *The Little Michus*, and *Mr. Hopkinson*, with dashes in plenty from the knock-about scenes of pantomimes.

But all wasn't well. One funny scene and some of the author's characteristic quips were hardly enough for an evening's entertainment.

URSULA MARTEN who will be appearing at Sadler's Wells Theatre during the forthcoming ballet season

**"The Night Hawk."**—A drama of a woman of the streets who seeks to acquire a different and a better soul after an obliging doctor has given her, by skilful surgery, a different and a better face, should have resulted in something rather more interesting than *The Night Hawk* at the Vaudeville.

Maisie de Vere, fortyish, had her face lifted and her mind uplifted, and set out, looking twenty, to marry a young man who adored her, knowing neither her past nor her real age. He was not a very nice young man, for he said he was a banker when he was only a bank clerk, though he dabbled in larger transactions by robbing his bank of £200. He did this to provide a flat for Maisie. Maisie did not know, but it was Maisie who had to pay; for the doctor, who was the young man's elder brother, prevented the marriage by revealing everything, so she went back to the old life.

Of course, Maisie should have chosen a sounder guide to respectability.

Miss Beatrix Thomson gave us some remarkably poignant moments as Maisie.

ENTHUSIASM: *Left*—Mrs. Ada Littlejohn, an inveterate first-nighter, who made the voyage to New York to be present at the opening of the D'Oyley Carte season of Gilbert and Sullivan Opera. *Right*—Marjorie Eyre, Muriel Dickson, Eileen Moody, Elizabeth Nickell-Lean, and Kathleen Frances—five members of the D'Oyley Carte Company posing for the Press on arrival in America

# THE WORLD OF BOOKS

*Reviewed by*

## VERNON FANE

READERS of his first two volumes will need no recommendation to the third book of Mr. Lloyd George's **WAR MEMOIRS** (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 21s.). Here is undoubtedly one of the most important of the War records, on the Allied, or perhaps on any side.

The preface to this volume prepares us for some hard hitting, for "if out of respect for honoured memories or cherished delusions, the truth be suppressed and defects hidden under a varnish of glorification, then we shall learn nothing, and if there be a next time we may not escape disaster as we did in the last calamity—by a shuddering breath.

"I regret more than words can express the necessity for telling the bare facts of our blood-stained stagger to victory."

There is the true rhetorical touch, and the path of that blood-stained stagger is strewn with the reputations of Generals, Admirals, Statesmen, and a devastating comment upon the policy and character of the ill-fated Tsar Nicholas II.

Incidentally, Mr. Lloyd George denies (and supports it from documentary evidence) that "the final horror of the Ekaterinberg cellar" came about because the British Government (of which he was the head) prevented the Tsar taking refuge in England.

This volume covers the period of his assumption of the Premiership up to the entry of America into the War. He reveals that Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, our Ambassador at Washington, warned us that not only were the United States unprepared, but that that country "entirely against its own will has been driven into the War."

His narrative ends at the darkest and most critical period of the whole struggle, and the reader is left with the promise of the author's version of the ultimate triumph and the preparations he and his colleagues made for a lasting peace at Versailles.

Nothing could be in greater contrast to the above than **THE LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF REGINALD VISCOUNT ESHER** (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 25s.), for in this volume there stands revealed a man powerful in his country's destinies who at the same time disdained both the limelight of public life as well as its rewards.

Lord Esher was of a type known and respected in this country; the very opposite of a professional in public life; a man of great culture; a dilettante; an amateur in the best sense of the word. Appended to this volume is a long list of the honours he refused (ranging from the editorship of the *Daily News* to the Viceroyalty of India). Yet he enjoyed the confidence of Queen Victoria, the close friendship of King Edward, and, as his journals reveal, exerted considerable power in the always difficult balance between his sovereign and his ministers.

From the reminiscences of a courtier we turn to the life story of a Queen, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and of the Tsar Alexander II, whose father was an officer in the British Navy, and who was born in Kent.

**THE STORY OF MY LIFE** (Cassell. 18s.) is by Queen Marie of Rumania, and this volume is a lively account of the events and impressions of her childhood spent in and about the great Courts of Europe, and concludes with her marriage, at the age of eighteen, to the Crown Prince of Rumania.

The book is full of lively anecdote, such as the happy days she spent romping with midshipmen at Malta, two of whom were named Rombold and David Beatty ("He has since said that I brought him luck"), as well as of shrewd appreciations such as that of her cousin, Wilhelm II, who came to her wedding with "an embarrassingly numerous suite composed of embarrassingly huge gentlemen in blazing uniforms. All things pertaining to the Kaiser were large, loud, and showy. He liked to assume the attitudes of a tyrant or despot; he never forgot or let you forget he was first."

More Royal memoirs and an account of Russian Court life covering the years 1803–1808 are **THE RUSSIAN JOURNALS OF MARTHA AND CATHERINE WILMOT** (Macmillan. 21s.).

The material for this book is taken from the letters and diaries of these two sisters who visited Russia during these years as the guests of that remarkable woman, the Princess Daschkaw, who dominated not only the political but the cultural life of the Russia of that time.

It is a book of historical importance, and contains some vivid pictures of the strange, semi-barbaric life of the Russia of those days.

MARTHA WILMOT

CATHERINE WILMOT

**The two Irish ladies whose vividly written diaries and letters descriptive of life in Russia in the early years of the nineteenth century have been edited by the Marchioness of Londonderry and Mr. H. M. Hyde. The publishers are Macmillan & Co.**

Of a different type, colour, and purpose is **I WAS A TRAMP** by John Brown (Selwyn and Blount. 9s.).

"I came to Oxford," he says, "at twenty-four years of age, with experience as a journalist, a salesman, a bricklayer's labourer, a sailor, and a political organizer. After the rigid discipline and military organization of industry, Oxford seemed revolutionary. And so it is." And so it seems, since he helped to carry the famous Union motion, "That this House refuses to fight for King or country."

At a Fascist meeting "I made an attempt to mount the platform, from which I intended to address the meeting. But I was seized by a squad of stewards and carried out of the hall. In the struggle my clothes had been torn to pieces, and I sustained a nasty gash in my forehead from the finger-nails of one of my opponents. . . . I continued to abuse my escort until I was dragged away by the police." Revolutionary Oxford!

This young man has literally tramped all over the country, slept in workhouses, fought in boxing booths, been to sea, been on the dole for more than two years, worked his way through Durham and Oxford Universities, and has joined the Oxford Group Movement.

A book to read.

All enthusiasts will accept the publisher's line that the Ballet is "about the most lovable of all the arts," and will be grateful to him that the ephemeralness he also finds in it is to a large extent negatived by the publication of **BALLETOMANIA** by Arnold Haskell (Gollancz. 18s.).

For Mr. Haskell is a professed enthusiast and goes so far as to title his story of the ballet as "the story of an obsession." We may be grateful for Mr. Haskell's obsession for it has produced perhaps the most valuable of all the books written on this delightful subject; a book of glamorous personalities, of delightful anecdotes, of historic and technical importance, and of fearless criticism.

A book, I say, which ballet enthusiasts simply *must* have.

An omnibus volume of seven of Mr. Noel Coward's most representative plays, **PLAY PARADE** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), is good value for the money, especially as it contains a typical introduction from the author in which he explains "with senile obstinacy" why he insists that they are his most representative. In it he also goes for those people who are always looking for motives behind his works, "like old ladies peering under the bed for burglars."

The "motive" for *Cavalcade*, he says, was none other than a long-cherished ambition to write a big play on a big scale for the London Coliseum. "One day I happened to see in a back number of *The Illustrated London News* a photograph of a troopship leaving for the Boer War. Very soon the whole scheme of the play fell into my mind . . ." and he goes on to meditate upon his good fortune that it wasn't the storming of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg that he looked at.

*The Vortex* brought him success and "many pleasurable trappings. A car. New suits. Silk shirts. An extravagant amount of pyjamas and dressing-gowns." *Bitter Sweet* has given him "more complete satisfaction than anything else I have ever written up till now."

Good value, Mr. Noel Coward.

For naturalists a most important book is **SEA TERNS, OR SEA SWALLOWS; THEIR HABITS, LANGUAGE, ARRIVAL, AND DEPARTURE,** by George and Anne Marples (Country Life. 15s.). It is supplemented by more than a hundred remarkable photographs, and many more diagrams and maps, and is a complete and fascinating history of a species illustrated by modern methods.

# A LIBRARY REMINDER LIST

*Every Month Mr. Vernon Fane will make a List, with Short Descriptions, of Books under Current Discussion, which the Editor hopes Readers will find Useful in Making their Library Selections*

## Fiction

**THIS LITTLE WORLD,** by Francis Brett Young (Heinemann). A long, leisurely, and lovely novel of the heart of England, by a writer who gains new devotees every day. A best seller.

**THE SEARCH,** by Dr. C. P. Snow (Gollancz). A challenging and provocative piece of work; the story of a scientist who won and lost. Wellsian but modern. Author himself a distinguished scientist.

**THE CURATE'S WIFE,** by E. H. Young (Cape). A master of a "quiet," highly individual, and very effective style. A story of parochial passions; of a girl who marries into the society of a small town, but who keeps her head. Amusing; delightful; one of the author's best.

**FULL FLAVOUR,** by Doris Leslie (Bodley Head). A satisfying novel: full of atmosphere of last century, delicately and unaggressively suggested. Story of a girl who ran her father's cigar business.

**BARNHAM RECTORY,** by Doreen Wallace (Collins). Book Society choice for September. A best seller.

**THE ANTE ROOM,** by Kate O'Brien (Heinemann). Will be remembered as author of *Without My Cloak*. Whole action compressed into three days in the family of the Irish Mulqueens. Demands serious concentration; but worth it.

**SHABBY TIGER,** by Howard Spring (Collins). First novel by a critic. Hero (or central character), his home town, Manchester. Moves swiftly; considerable technical skill.

**ELIZABETH,** by Frank Swinnerton (Hutchinson). His best novel since *Nocturne*. And that is a classic.

**PENANG APPOINTMENT,** by Norman Collins (Gollancz). A good yarn of a voyage to the East; full of action, colour, a beautiful heroine, and a killing.

**THE TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE,** by B. Travern (Chatto and Windus). Easily one of the best novels published, so far, this autumn. An adventure story of the search, by three hoboes, for gold in Mexico. Deserves a great success.

**HELL! SAID THE DUCHESS,** by Michael Arlen (Heinemann). Arlen returns to Mayfair, to Duchesses, but this time to murder most foul. Arlenesque, but with a powerful and macabre ending.

**DARK INTERVAL,** by Rosalind Cornwall (Methuen). A drama of asylum life: *tour de force* of quiet, effective writing.

**SUMMER LEAVES,** by Denis Mackail (Hodder and Stoughton). A humorist who puts the touch of sunshine and charm upon everything he writes. This book one of his delightful best.

**MOSS ROSE,** by Joseph Shearing (Heinemann). The story of a famous crime. Author (Mr., Mrs., or Miss?) Shearing displays exceptional skill in descriptive atmosphere. Don't miss this.

**A HANDFUL OF DUST,** by Evelyn Waugh (Chapman and Hall). The best novel this brilliant young writer has yet written. Must be read.

## General

**AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY,** by Viscount Snowden (Nicholson and Watson). The Iron Chancellor unbends his own life story; but not all of it. This volume ends with end of War. A great book.

**ONE'S COMPANY,** by Peter Fleming (Cape). The hero of "Brazilian Adventure." Record of a journey to China in author's highly individual style. Fresh; direct; very good. Best seller.

**IN ALL COUNTRIES,** by John dos Passos (Constable). A brilliant and provocative book of observation. American author; using the cinematographic method in travels through Spain, Mexico, Russia, and United States.

**TO PORTUGAL,** by Douglas Goldring (Rich and Cowan). A book you must get if you are thinking at all of Portugal. Well written; beautifully illustrated.

**THROUGH MOROCCO WITH THE LEGION,** by G. Ward Price (Jarrolds). A famous war correspondent debunks the popular stuff about the Foreign Legion. Full of good reading; including the Legion's last campaign.

**OLIVER CROMWELL,** by John Buchan (Hodder and Stoughton). A first-rate book by a first-rate writer on a first-rate subject.

**HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION,** by Leon Trotsky (Gollancz). A classic—whichever way you look at it. Published for the first time in one volume. 1,296 pages; 10s. 6d. Bargain.

**ALTOGETHER,** by W. Somerset Maugham (Heinemann). All Maugham's short stories in one volume. 1,568 pages; 8s. 6d. Another bargain.

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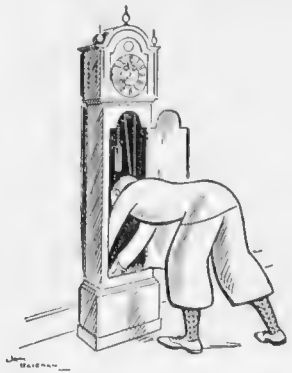
On page 480 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

# A REPLY FROM THE SUDAN

"How do you keep Guinness in the home?"



*"We don't—we drink it!"*

Put your week's supply of Guinness into a reasonably cool place, and draw on it every day, not only for refreshment but for strength and vigour. Guinness is delightful and refreshing: because it is so invigorating it also checks summer fatigue and improves summer appetites.

**GUINNESS**
**IS GOOD FOR YOU**

ORDER HALF-A-DOZEN FOR THE HOME

*19th August, 1933.*

*Dear Sirs,*

*We, on the Abyssinian frontier of the Sudan, enjoy seeing your advertisements almost as much as drinking Guinness, and I thought perhaps the enclosed photograph might be of interest to you as representing where we keep our Guinness (until we drink it). The tree is a "Tebeldi" at Kurmuk. In the Kordofan the tree is used by the Arabs for storing water in; but that is only because they can't obtain Guinness.*

*Yours faithfully,*

X. Y. Z.

One of the advertisements to which the writer refers.

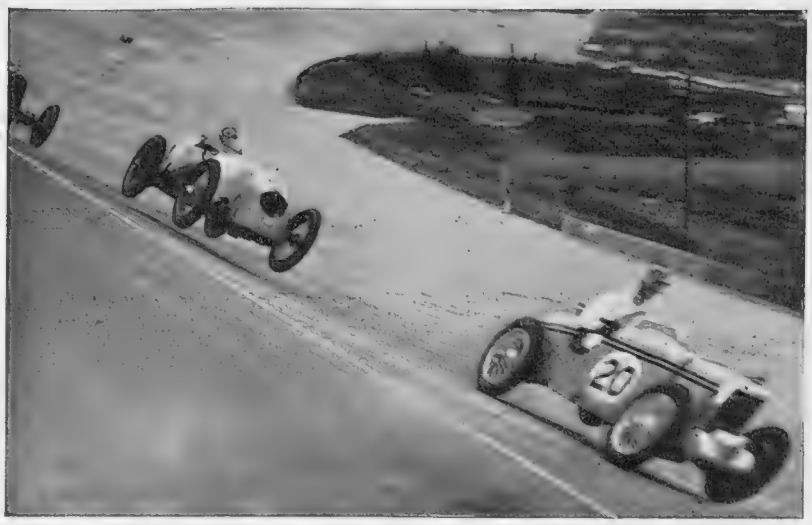
G.E.387

# A BOOK LIST

PETER DAVIES.—Gay Crusaders. By Magdalen King-Hall. 7s. 6d. net. D. APPLETON CENTURY CO.—Portrait of a Courtezan. By Charles Caldwell Dobie. 7s. 6d. net. CONSTABLE.—He Laughed at Murder. By Richard Keverne. 7s. 6d. net. All in the Downs. By Frank Pollard. 7s. 6d. net. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—Lost Battle. By Stephen Graham. 7s. 6d. net. Cowferry Isle. By Edward Percy. 8s. 6d. net. Two o'Clock Courage. By Gelett Burgess. 7s. 6d. net. No Traveller Returns. By D. L. Ames. 7s. 6d. net. The Signet of Death. By Louis Grey. 7s. 6d. net. The Price of Adventure. By William Holt. 7s. 6d. net. First Nights. By James Agate. 10s. 6d. net. Looking Life Over. By Hugh Hole. 15s. net. The Making of a Man: Letters from an Old Parson to his Sons. With a Foreword by Beverley Nichols. 6s. net. My Life. An Autobiography by Annie S. Swan. Illustrated. 5s. net. English Social History in the Making: The Tudor Revolution. By R. Liddlesdale Palmer. 8s. 6d. net. MARTIN SECKER.—The Tales of Elinor Mordaunt. 7s. 6d. net. Eleven-Thirty Till Twelve. By Richard and Elizabeth Plunket Greene. 7s. 6d. net. Lord Dovecot. A Memorial by Roscoe Beddoes. 5s. net. HUTCHINSON.—Monologue. By Sewell Stokes. Illustrated. 18s. net. Conflict. By E. V. Timms. 7s. 6d. net. An April Day. By Doris Westwood. 7s. 6d. net. Day Out. By Vivian Ellis. 7s. 6d. net. The Growing World. By Adelaide Phillpotts. 7s. 6d. net. God's Century. By Blair Niles. 7s. 6d. net. Mulberry Green. By Marigold Watney. 7s. 6d. net. GOLLANCZ.—Sunday. By Betty Miller. 7s. 6d. net. Cauldron Bubble. By Leslie Reid. 8s. 6d. net. Henbane. By Catherine Meadows. 7s. 6d. net. Balletomania: The Story of an Obsession. By Arnold L. Haskell. Illustrated. 18s. net. The Career of Sir Basil Zaharoff. By Dr. Richard Lewinsohn. Cheap edition, 5s. net. Poet in Exile: The Life of Heinrich Heine. By Antonina Vallentin. Translated by Harrison Brown. 10s. 6d. net. Jesus: Told by the Wandering Jew. By Edmond Fleg. Translated by Phyllis Megroz. 10s. 6d. net. GEOFFREY BLES.—Charles Lamb. A Study by J. Lewis May. 10s. 6d. net. Behind the Camera. By Natalie Barkas. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. Goslings in the Ashes. By Elizabeth D'Oyley. 7s. 6d. net. STANLEY HOPE.—Gallipoli Revisited. By Stanton Hope. With a Foreword by General Sir Ian Hamilton. 5s. net. SELWYN & BLOUNT.—I Was a Tramp. By John Brown. Illustrated. 9s. net. Wanderings in Tasmania. By George Porter. Illustrated. 18s. net. JARROLDS.—Memoirs of a Spy. By Nicholas Snowden. 12s. 6d. net. The Hour Glass. By Winifred Duke. 7s. 6d net. STANLEY PAUL & CO.—Smoky Pass. By Ernest Haycox. 7s. 6d. net. We That Live. By J. T. Antony. 7s. 6d. net. FABER & FABER.—The Blonde Countess. By Herbert O. Yardley. 7s. 6d. net. Youth is a Crime. By Charlotte Haldane. 7s. 6d. net. The Divorce Court Murder. By Milton Propper. 7s. 6d. net. Lightship. By Archie Binns. 7s. 6d. net. My Best Play. An Anthology of Plays chosen by their own Authors. 8s. 6d. net. The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. By Sir Harold Macmichael. 15s. net. Make it New. Essays by Ezra Pound. 12s. 6d. net. Round the Corner. An autobiography by Percy Brown. 8s. 6d. net. A Superficial Journey through Tokyo and Peking. By Peter Quennell. Cheap Ed. 5s. net.

## THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Society has the fine record of having passed through their Homes and Training Ship, 30,000 children. 1,100 poor boys and girls have always to be maintained. Funds are urgently needed to carry on this great work of caring for young children. Gifts large or small will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



THE BRITISH RACING DRIVERS' 500-MILE RACE AT BROOKLANDS: *Left*—G. E. T. Eyston's M. G. Magnette leading another M. G. in one of the early laps. *Right*—Mrs. Dixon being pressed to give her husband a congratulatory kiss after his remarkable win

WHAT NEXT? The new railings which have been erected in Trafalgar Square to restrict pedestrians to certain definite crossing points

# RAIN *and* SKIDS

## At Brooklands

The 500-mile race last Saturday may have been thrilling for the spectators, but it provided some anxious moments for the competitors, and it is a matter for wonderment that there were no serious accidents. A torrential downpour an hour after the start compelled the fastest cars to withdraw in the interests of safety, and forced the lighter entries, which were skidding dangerously, to slow up. Each car threw up showers of spray as it came down the straight, thus interfering with the view of drivers following behind, and it occasioned little surprise when P. G. Fairfield crashed through the fencing, fortunately with no harmful results. The winner was F. W. Dixon, who returned an average speed of 104·8 m.p.h. in his 6-cylinder Riley, while another car of the same make finished a fairly close second. An M.G. Magnette was third.

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"DRAIN THE SUMP REGULARLY"
"REFILL WITH WAKE
KEFIELD CASTROL"
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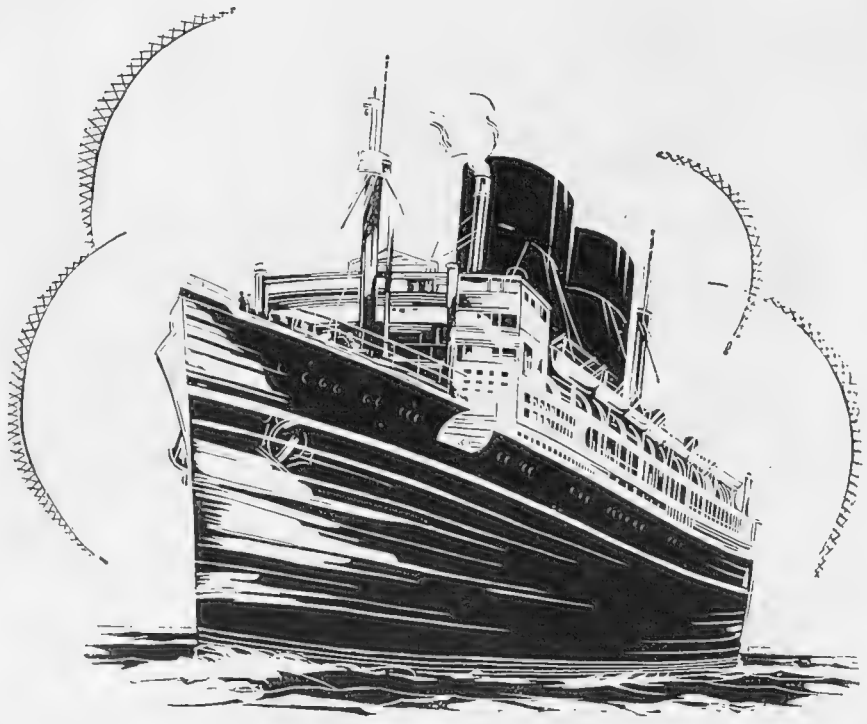
# FOLLOW THE SUN BY P&O



CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR CRUISES

to the warm Atlantic Isles
Madeira, Bizerta, and the
Eastern Mediterranean
*by*

P&O

*"Viceroy of India"*

FIRST CRUISE DEC. 21

**from London, arriving Madeira Christmas morning. Thence to Santa Cruz de la Palma, Teneriffe, Casablanca and Lisbon.**

FOURTEEN DAYS. FARES FROM 24 GNS

CRUISE 'B' Jan. 5, from Southampton to Santa Cruz de la Palma, Teneriffe, Las Palmas. Fourteen days. Fares from 24 gns.
CRUISE 'C' Jan. 25, from London to Bizerta, Port Said, Jaffa, Beirut, Palma, Tangier. Twenty-nine days. Fares from 50 gns.

Full particulars from P & O CRUISES,
14, COCKSPUR ST., LONDON, S.W.1,
or from 130, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3,
Australia House, W.C.2, or local agents.

WHITE SAILS ON INDIAN WATERS: A scene in Bombay

# *Long-Distance Cruises to Africa and the East*

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

AUTUMN and winter are the seasons for long-distance cruising, and year by year the scope of the long-distance cruise widens, until now we find few of the remote lands of travel which do not come within its compass. Those who have the time and the means to do so are anxious to get away from the cold winds and fogs of this land of ours in the winter to sunnier climes, with skies that are generally clear, and a cruise lasting from two to six months enables them to fulfil their desire and at the same time to see something of the many very interesting countries of the world.

One of the chief attractions of the East, which begins there, is the Holy Land. Landing at the old port of Jaffa, with a history which dates from 1362 B.C., when it was captured by one of the Pharaohs, causing it to be mentioned in the Tel-el-Amarna letters; and which includes a siege by Sennacherib, a conquest by Alexander the Great, destruction as a pirates' nest by the Emperor Vespasian, two captures by the Crusaders, one by Saladin, and one by Napoleon, after a look at the thriving Jewish colony of Tell Aviv close by, one passes on to the city that is holy alike to Christian, Muslim, and Jew.

THERE are great relics still to be seen in Jerusalem—the Tower of Saladin, and the Mosque of Omar recall its Muslim splendour. But for the tourist of Christian faith the goal is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Mount of Olives, Gethsemane, the Via Dolorosa — believed to have been trodden by our Lord on His way to Calvary—and the Tower of David, raised in its present form by Suleiman the Magnificent, but on the ruins of a tower erected by Herod on the spot where David built a memorial to mark his capture of the Jebusite stronghold. And from Jerusalem one goes onward to Bethlehem, the Jordan, perchance to Nazareth in Galilee, everywhere traversing a countryside the roads of which the Master once trod.

BEAUTIFUL BALI: On the right is the White Tower of Kesiman, one of the most interesting of the many old temples on the island

"BATHED" IN SUNSHINE: A swimming pool on the beach at Durban, South Africa's all-the year-round seaside resort

The barren rocks of Aden, rising to nearly 2,000 ft. from near the sea, form a magnificent approach to this sun-baked little spot, especially if you sight them first in the soft lemon-glow of sunrise or suffused with the sunset's rose-coloured fire. For those who may have some fear of Aden's heat (it is set on a crater bed surrounded by rocks that are very bare), I have been there, true it was after an unusually heavy rain—when it was comparatively cool! The town is not much to look at but you will find the Arab bazaar extremely interesting and there is always the chance of getting hold of some out-of-the-way curio. A thing to be remembered is that the Arab of Aden is not over-fond of being photographed, in fact sometimes he resents it particularly, so it is well to be cautious.

Many cruises include India in their itinerary, the port called at being either Bombay or Madras. Sometimes a call is made at both, and passengers, by landing at Bombay and re-embarking several days later at Madras, have a chance of seeing the marble palaces of Delhi; the world-famed Taj Mahal; the battered old Residency of Lucknow; sacred Benares and its temples and bathing *ghats*; beautiful Udaipur, City of the Lake, an eastern fairyland; the marvellous Buddhist carvings of the caves of Ajanta, and the great rock fortress of Gwalior, termed the "Heart of India"; also the widely varying vegetation of this land of fertile valleys and plains, of lofty mountains and mighty rivers, of desert, and of picturesque people.

But if the stay be only of sufficient length to enable you to see Bombay and its neighbourhood, you will find there much of interest and of beauty; indeed the approach to Bombay's magnificent harbour is in itself one of the most beautiful of sights, with the towering mountains of the Ghats in the distance, and a foreground of lofty, forest-clad islands, set in a glistening sea with a palm-fringed shore. Bombay's waterfront is very handsome, the buildings have size and dignity,

# HORIZONS

Harbour. On the left is the famous Taj Mahal Hotel

GOLDEN SANDS AND A SPACIOUS HIGHWAY: The magnificent marine drive at Madras, Southern India

the landing-place at Apollo Bunder is spacious and fine, its thoroughfares beyond are well-kept and wide, and in every way Bombay well upholds its title of the "Gateway of India."

The Taj Mahal is a hotel worthy of a European capital; there are several others, and in the shops of the European quarter you can buy any of the goods of the West, just as in the Indian bazaar you can purchase almost anything of the East.

MADRAS stirs one's blood, as an Englishman, for here the first English fort in India was built in 1640—Fort St. George—named most appropriately after our English patron Saint, and for several years the headquarters in India of the Honourable East India Company. St. Mary's Church inside the fort is the oldest English church in India; many of the most distinguished of the early Company's officials are buried here; Robert Clive was married in the church, and Job Charnock's three daughters were there baptized. Madras is so widespread, with much vegetation, that one fails to realize its size. It has handsome public buildings, some wide thoroughfares, beautiful parks, and one of the most crowded Indian quarters imaginable, with Hindu temples and Muhammadan mosques. It differs widely from Bombay in the style of its architecture and the costume of its Indian population, their manners and customs; it has a climate that is always hot and moist, but a drive along its splendid Marina by the sea at sundown is very refreshing, and it is very pleasant to extend this to Adyar, the headquarters of the Theosophical Society in India, where Mrs. Annie Besant once lived. Madras has good hotel accommodation, some very hospitable clubs like those of Bombay, and it affords pleasant glimpses of the life of Southern India.

Ceylon reminds one of India; it is so near to it, and has a large Indian element in its population, but it strikes also a very distinctive note with its very luxuriant tropical vegetation, its rich red soil, the scent of cinnamon in the air, and its Buddhist temples and dagobas. There are ancient shrines dating back more than a thousand years out at Anuradhapura, the ancient capital of Ceylon, and at Kandy, once an independent kingdom when first the Portuguese and then the Dutch ruled over the remainder of the island, Sinhalese kings held sway, and there, in the Dalada Maligava, is reputed to be enshrined the most sacred relic, the tooth of Gautama Buddha. Kandy has a beautiful setting beside a lovely lake, and near by are the famous botanic gardens of Peradeniya, where there is a magnificent collection of the flora of the tropics. It is an easy journey by rail or by road to Kandy, and the way lies through a countryside first of rice-fields and coco-nut plantations, then of gardens of cinnamon, coffee, cocoa, rubber, and tea.

At Colombo, where you land, modern hotels, fine public buildings, and wide roads contrast strangely with the narrow crowded streets of the native bazaar, and many are the shops of jewellers anxious to drive their bargain, for Ceylon is an island of gems, and has many that are spurious! A drive out to the Galle Face Hotel to see the huge breakers dashing themselves into creamy foam on the sandy shore is worth while, and at Mount Lavinia, farther along the coast, the scenery is delightful and the surf-bathing more so.

Singapore and Penang introduce you to another realm—that of the Malay, with his distinctive attire of *sarong*, or skirt, and *kebaya*, or short coat, and brightly-coloured handkerchief twisted about the head, and his dreamy, good-natured outlook on life. Neither of these two cities is the ideal place for seeing the Malay, for the bulk of the population is composed of the ubiquitous Chinese, who, assisted by Indians, run most of the retail trade and furnish the labour supply; and so it is to the small villages inland that you must go—*kampongs*, they are termed—to see how the Malay lives. Singapore is a lordly city, as it has a right to be—with the enormous trade it handles. Its hotels are of the best in the East, and in its shops you can purchase almost anything money can buy. The homes of its merchants out in the pleasant suburbs, especially in the neighbourhood of the lovely Botanic Gardens, which produced the first Para rubber tree in the East, are palatial, and its amenities in the shape of sport and amusement are so many that a stay is altogether delightful.

BATAVIA is Malaya also, for the people are all of Malayan stock, and here you will see a good deal of Malayan life. Old Batavia, lying alongside a wide canal which flows inland from the sea-port of Tandjong Priok, dates from the early seventeenth century, and with its old buildings of brown-tiled roofs, diamond-paned windows, and quaint style of architecture, is very picturesque. The old Town Hall is a fine building, the Penang Gate has two grotesque Gog and Magog figures, and nearby is an extraordinarily old cannon, lying half-buried in the ground, which is held in great veneration by the natives as a phallic symbol. Modern Batavia is known as Weltevreden, and it is very finely built. Its Hotel des Indes is famed throughout the East, Rijswijk and Noordwijk are wide streets lined with first-class shops, and

THE PICTURESQUE CAPITAL OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES: A canal in the old quarter of Batavia

Waterloo Plein and Koningsplein, large open spaces, with turf and trees, are excellent "lungs" for the city; the latter has two sports clubs and a race-course. Fast trains run from Batavia to Buitenzorg daily, where in his palace lives the Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies, and where are situated the finest tropical botanic gardens in the world. Buitenzorg is nearly 1,000 ft. up, it affords a good view of the Preanger mountains, and has a climate appreciably cooler than that of Batavia.

BALI is a short distance comparatively from Batavia, but it is another world, though inhabited by people of the same stock, for there one sees life as it was lived by the Hindu immigrants from India who colonized Bali 1,500 years ago. Their descendants, mixed with the Malayan Balinese, defied all the attempts of Arab Muslims to convert them as they converted the people of Java and Sumatra, and retain the ornate religious customs of their remote ancestors and live their own exceedingly picturesque life, with architecture, arts and crafts, dance and drama of their own, in an island which is certainly one of the loveliest islands in the world.

The great difference between Africa and the East leads one to realize the world's diversity, for in Africa you see peoples, buildings, and scenery of a type almost entirely dissimilar from anything you have seen in the East. Africa is a world of its own, and its north-eastern portion, comprising Egypt and the Sudan, is one of the world's richest regions in historic and archæological interest, for here civilization, contemporaneous perhaps with that of Mesopotamia, first uprose. Alexandria recalls Alexander the Great; Pompey—whose pillar remains—the dalliance of Julius Cæsar, and of Antony, with the fair Cleopatra; and the Caliph Omar, whose capture of the city marked Alexandria's decline. Modern in comparison, Cairo is old enough to own a magnificent citadel built by Saladin about 1166 which dominates the city, and beautiful mosques, one dating from the ninth century; and the narrow winding streets, old-fashioned houses and *khans* of Oriental Cairo are in striking contrast to the spacious boulevards, handsome squares, and splendid hotels of its modern and western quarter. Just beyond this centre of wealth and fashion lie the great inscrutable pyramids, the mysterious Sphinx, and the desert, ever-changing in form and colour, and which still holds many secrets within its vast space.

HALFWAY down the East African coast lies Mombasa, the gateway to the lands of Kenya and Uganda, rich in scenery, big game, and resources. Picturesque it is—seen from the sea, with its old fort, high up on a hill of coral, built by the Portuguese after their third capture of the port in 1587, and bearing the symbol "I.H.S." Mombasa's population is a medley of Arab, African, and Indian, and the Portuguese also have left their mark. Fine public buildings in the European style mingle with Hindu and Parsee temples and Muhammadan mosques, and it has an extremely fine harbour at Kilindini, which takes all the traffic of the Kenya and Uganda Railway. Farther down the coast, off Tanganyika, is the island of Zanzibar, its port, where the cruising vessels call, a collection of mosques, white, flat-topped houses, forts and round towers. In its narrow streets are dwellings with massive carved doors of black wood which form a delightful contrast to the white walls and the brilliant red blossoms of the acacias with which the gardens are filled. Zanzibar was once the headquarters of the Arab-run East African slave trade, and amongst its people you will see types of almost every African race. It is now the largest centre of the clove trade, and a visit to the clove gardens is one of the many attractions it has to offer the tourist.

Away to the south is Lourenço Marques, capital of Portuguese East Africa, a handsome, modern-built city, with a fine harbour, in which you will see many of the liners of the leading steamship lines of the world. Nor is this to be wondered at, for Lourenço Marques is the nearest port to the famous gold mines of the Rand, and as it ships so much gold and has such an agreeable climate, with good bathing, beautiful, tree-lined boulevards and lovely squares and public gardens, luxurious hotels, and a Casino, it is not surprising that some of the gold should remain, and that Lourenço Marques should have earned its title of the Monte Carlo of South Africa.

Like Lourenço Marques, Durban, is a port frequented by the vessels of many countries; it is, likewise, extremely cosmopolitan, with its European, well-assorted African, Arab, Indian, and even Chinese population, and one of its chief "human interest" features is the tall Zulu ricksha boys, in all the splendour of barbaric finery, propelling their vehicles along the main thoroughfares. Durban also has a splendid bathing beach, and among its tourist attractions are the Old Fort, the statue of Dick King who made the epic ride to Grahamstown in 1840 and saved Natal for Britain, and a visit to a Zulu kraal.

PEOPLE are apt to think of Cape Town as the port of call for liners to South Africa, the legislative capital of the Union of South Africa, a very fine city, with all the amenities of a European capital, with quaint old Dutch houses having fine gardens, and a trip up the Table Mountain as its chief attraction, but it is vastly more than that. It is one of the world's most beautiful cities, and the centre of a playground of infinite variety, which stretches from Camp's Bay, in its cool Atlantic setting on the west of the Cape Peninsula, to the waters of the warm Mozambique current washing the beaches of False Bay, on the east of the Peninsula. Magnificent scenery, along the coast and inland, luxuriant vegetation, some of the finest bathing imaginable, with all varieties of sea sport are within one's reach from Cape Town, and this, apart from its own great historic charm, its manifold resources, and its connections by rail and road with every place of interest makes it one of the most enjoyable of the cruising ports of the world.

SPANNING THE ABYSS: The aerial cableway which enables visitors to Cape Town to reach the 3,500 ft. summit of Table Mountain in 20 minutes

## WORLD CRUISE 1935

The greatest and most enthralling Cruise of all—Round the World with the World's Wonder Ship the magnificent 42,500 ton luxury liner,

## Empress of Britain

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*Pagoda Bridge Peiping.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
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| Naples | Ceylon | Philippines | Panama |
| Athens | Siam | China | Cuba |
| Palestine | Java | Japan | New York |
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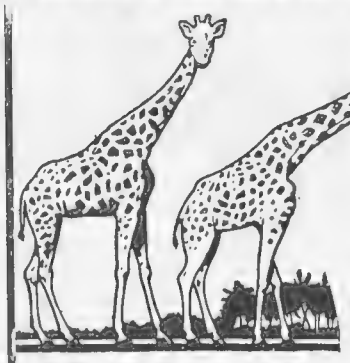
*From Monaco, Jan. 23, 1935, returning to Southampton, May 27, 1935.*

First Class Only. Limited Membership.

**Minimum Rate: 410 Gns. (including shore excursions)**

*Write for Special World Cruise Brochure.*

## EAST AND SOUTH AFRICA SOUTH AMERICA CRUISE



by the magnificent 22,000 ton "Dreamship of Cruises,"

## Empress of Australia

Beautiful lounges, ballroom, Pompeiian Swimming Pool, also outdoor sun-bathing pool—large airy bedrooms, gymnasium, games decks, etc.

A GRAND CRUISE OF STRANGE CONTRASTS AND UNUSUAL INTEREST VISITING FOUR CONTINENTS AND SEVEN SEAS!

EUROPE—the historic interest of Italy and Greece—through Suez and the Red Sea, down the coast of AFRICA to the Cape—across the Southern Atlantic to AMERICA—Argentine and Brazil—the West Indies—and home via New York.

*From Monaco, Feb. 1, 1935.* Duration 91 days.

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## WEST INDIES - MIAMI BERMUDA CRUISE

An outstanding Cruise of Splendid Leisure by the modern 20,000 ton Cruising Liner

## Duchess of Richmond

This delightful 48 days cruise embraces the most interesting ports in the West Indies, allowing longer time ashore than usual for individual exploration and includes two days at Port Everglades (for MIAMI) and two days at BERMUDA. Warm southerly route out via Teneriffe and home via Madeira

First Class Only. Limited Membership.

*From Southampton Jan. 25, 1935.* **Minimum Rate 90 Gns.**

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# Voyaging on West

## Old-World Ports in the Tropic
## Charms of Jamaica, Barbados,

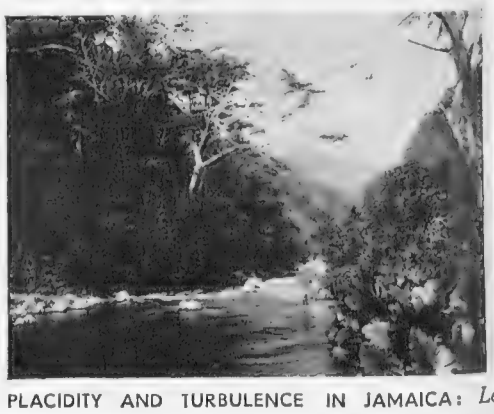
A SURFBATHER'S PARADISE on the north-east coast of Barbados

STRUNG out like a necklet of pearls of various size in the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea, the tropic isles of the West Indies, with their great scenic charm, their stirring history, and most interesting old-world ports, form an ideal winter-cruising ground, for in the winter-time the sea is hardly ever more than slightly ruffled by the "steady trade wind blowing" from the north-east, cooling land and sea, and making bathing off the islands' shores a thing of great joy; and an added attraction is the coast of the Spanish Main, with its historic ports, the scene of many a raid in quest of Spanish treasure by English seamen under Drake and Hawkins and Sir Harry Morgan. Pirate and buccaneer sailed these seas in bygone days, and generally paid the penalty of their daring in the end; and many of them went to their last account with the whereabouts of their buried treasure known only to themselves, so that to this day pirate loot remains hidden in many an out-of-the-way spot of some of the West Indian islands, and adds to their romance.

Jamaica, the largest of the British West Indian islands, is the queen of them all. It has every variety of tropical scenery—river, hill, and valley—and its long coastline is deeply indented with wonderful little coves and lagoons, where luxuriant tropical vegetation descends to the water's edge, interspersed with stretches of golden sand, palm-fringed, ideal for a sea bathe. It has also a lofty upland plateau, with rolling grassy plains, where the evenings and mornings are deliciously cool and refreshing, and a range of high mountains, where it is cold enough for a fire at night, and the views are magnificent. Cruising vessels call at Kingston, one of the fine harbours of the world, and as you enter it—passing all that is left of old Fort Royal, once Jamaica's chief port and a pirate stronghold till it was overwhelmed by a tidal wave in 1692, which swept away most of the pirates and their loot—you get a fine view of Kingston lying on the Liguanea and the lower slopes of the superb Blue Mountains. Kingston has nothing of a water front, but it is a well-built modern town, with some fine hotels, notably the Myrtle Bank, with its shady gardens, and swimming pool beside the sea. A motor drive from Kingston—past the beautiful Hope Botanic Gardens, up into the Blue Mountains, on to lovely Port Antonio, with its Blue Hole, and then back by way of Bog Walk, *boca de agua*, along the charming valley of the Rio Cobre—gives a very good idea of Jamaica's scenery; and if you have the time to get over to Oche Rios, on the north coast, you will find the Roaring River Falls near there one of the finest of the smaller waterfalls of the tropical world.

In Jamaica the population is principally West Indian negro. In Trinidad you find people of the Arawak Indian type, Indians from India, both Muslim and Hindu, as well as the negro; and the European population is a mixture of French, English, and Spanish, for Trinidad is the youngest of the British West Indian islands and was captured from the Spanish only in 1797. Port of Spain is one of the cleanest and best-built towns in the West Indies, with a glorious open space known as the Savannah, used for recreation; and the view across it to the mountains in Northern Trinidad, from the cool veranda of the popular Queen's Park Hotel, is one of the sights of Port of Spain, obtained in the most advantageous circumstances. A drive among the lower spurs of the mountains out to, and along,

DISCOVERED BY COLUMBUS: A scene on the island of Trinidad, the most southerly member of the British West Indian group



PLACIDITY AND TURBULENCE IN JAMAICA: *Left*

# Indian Waters

## Isles of the New World—The Trinidad, and the Bahamas

the lovely north-western coast by Chaguaramas Bay is one of the most delightful imaginable, since it gives you a view of the great Bocas—the giant tree-clad rocks which guard the approach to Port of Spain; and there are splendid drives inland, to St. Augustine, where is situated the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture, which is doing such good work for the Empire. In the south is the famous pitch lake of La Brea, three miles round, and which has natural asphalt hundreds of feet in depth—the supply is said to be inexhaustible. The lake has its own railway and the refined asphalt is shipped from "Brighton Pier"!

You can see sugar plantations in both Jamaica and Trinidad, though the former island stands principally for bananas, and the latter for cocoa and petroleum, but Barbados is essentially the sugar isle. They have been growing it there since the days of Cavaliers and Roundheads, which is the last time there was any fighting on the island, and nearly all of its acreage to-day is under sugar-cane. It has little of a tropical appearance, and in some parts, where windmills still stand—used for power on small sugar plantations—the landscape bears an aspect more like that of some rural district in England; in fact Barbados has sometimes been termed "Little England." In Bridgetown are some quaint old buildings, and its harbour is a picturesque sight, sheltering windjammers from a dozen ports of the West Indies, the Spanish Main, and from far-off Nova Scotia; the latter load molasses. Barbados has a Trafalgar Square, with a statue of Nelson which was erected before the one in our Trafalgar Square, sugar planters' mansions of Jacobean times, a fine modern hotel—the Marine, a very up-to-date Aquatic Club, and the best bathing beach in the West Indies. Most easterly, and hence more subject to the cooling north-east trade wind, it is the healthiest of the West Indian islands, and the surf-bathing on its north-east coast is glorious!

TROPICAL SPLENDOUR: An avenue of Royal Palms in a suburb of Nassau, capital of the Bahamas

North of Barbados lie several small British West Indian islands, not so well known, and less visited than the others. No direct steamship line connects them with the Motherland; they have a fortnightly steamship service from Canada, which, as it were, strings the islands together, and sometimes a cargo steamer from the outer world calls; otherwise they are dependent upon sailing craft to maintain connection with each other and with Barbados, Jamaica, and Trinidad. Here the tide of life runs very slowly, and many of the customs of the old planter days are still observed; whilst the old ports change slowly, too, and preserve much of their picturesqueness.

St. George's, in Grenada, lying on both sides of a promontory, half encircled with hills, and with an almost landlocked harbour known as the Carenage, is a port that is very pleasing, and the market-place in the town's centre is absorbingly interesting. Forts, no longer used for defence, figure high up on the hills here, as they do also in the neighbouring island of St. Vincent, of dread Soufrière notoriety, reminding one of the fierce conflicts between the English and French for the possession of these much-desired isles.

St. Vincent, at Kingston, its capital, has a Botanic Garden where the breadfruit tree, brought by Bligh, of "Bounty" fame, from the Pacific was acclimatized for the West Indies. St. Lucia has a splendid harbour at Castries, its chief port, which rests at the foot of high hills, and has lovely surroundings; and Dominica, an island with the wildest tropical scenery I have ever seen, has a decided French aspect, and its negroes speak an English-French patois. Antigua is an island of Nelson fame, for here, at English Harbour, not used now, but kept as a show-place, Nelson was once in command, and he refitted his ships here during his memorable pursuit of Villeneuve, and over in nearby Nevis he met his wife, Fanny Nesbitt, and was there married.

Montserrat, of lime-juice fame, is not far off, where you can see descendants of the Irish who were exiled by Cromwell, and north of it is St. Kitts, the Mother Isle of the British West Indies, with a fortress, Brimstone Hill, the gallant defence of which saved the West Indies for Britain.

On the other side of Cuba, strung out 700 miles odd, and reaching to within 40 miles of the coast of Florida, are the Bahamas, of all shapes and sizes, amongst them Watling Island, the first land of the New World sighted by Columbus.

Nassau, on Providence Island, and the Bahamas capital, is a frequent cruising port of call, and a very charming one, with its white sandy and gently-shelving beach, where the bathing is excellent, and the varying tints of the water, covering reefs on which lie magnificent marine gardens, are wonderful. Nassau has old forts, relics of pirate days, good roads, luxury hotels, and a most agreeable winter climate, and it is an ideal centre for cruising amongst the islands—for healthy sport, and, if you like, in search of hidden treasure!

beautiful Rio Cobre. *Right*—Roaring River Falls, he Rios

*Ships of Splendour for Sunny Seas*

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**DEC. 21** — **HOMERIC** (Xmas Cruise) From Southampton. Lisbon, Canary Isles, Madeira, and the Tropics. 15 days from 26 gns.

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**OCT. 13** to **Lisbon, Barcelona, Villefranche, Algiers, Gibraltar, Casablanca.**
16 days . Fares from 27 gns.

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**DEC. 21** visiting **West Africa** and **Atlantic Islands,** including **Madeira, Gambia, Sierra Leone** and **Las Palmas.**
20 days . Fares from 34 gns.

**SPECIAL WINTER CRUISE BY THE 'ASTURIAS' JAN 22, 1935**

To **North Africa, Colombo, Java, Bali, Straits Settlements, South Africa & Las Palmas, etc.**
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# WHERE THE CRUI

*"The Sphere's" Guide to the*

CITY OF SUNSHINE: The *Homeric* at Naples, always an interesting place of call on account of the many and varied shore excursions which can be made

CRUISING has come to be so popular, that the autumn and winter months find many of the steamship lines putting well-known vessels into commission for cruises, mostly long-distance ones, although there are several short tours arranged for the Christmas and New Year holidays.

The CANADIAN PACIFIC LINE have three cruises, all long-distance ones, and each entirely different from the others. The *Duchess of Richmond* (20,000 tons), leaves Southampton on January 25 for the West Indies, Panama, the Bahamas and Bermuda, and the Atlantic Islands, returning on March 14, and the ports of call are Cherbourg, Teneriffe, La Brea (for Trinidad's famous pitch lake), Port of Spain, Curaçao (Dutch West Indies), Cristobal (for the Panama Canal and Panama), Kingston (Jamaica), Port Everglades (for Miami), Nassau (Bahamas), Bermuda, San Juan (Puerto Rico), Antigua, Martinique, Bridgetown (Barbados), and Madeira.

RUGGED HILLS AND CALM WATERS: Teneriffe, one of the picturesque Atlantic islands which will be visited by P. & O. liners during the winter season

A Mediterranean-Africa-South America cruise by the *Empress of Australia* (22,000 tons), starts from Monaco (Monte Carlo), on February 2 and calls at the following ports: Naples, Athens, Haifa, Port Said, Suez, Port Sudan, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam, Majunga Bay, Lourenço Marques, Durban, Cape Town, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Port of Spain, Kingston, Havana, New York, and Cherbourg, returning, on May 3, to Southampton.

A Round-the-World Cruise on the *Empress of Britain* (42,500 tons), leaves Monaco on January 23, returning to Southampton on May 27, in the course of which a visit will be made to the following ports: Naples, Phaleron Bay (for Athens), Haifa (Holy Land), Port Said, Suez, Bombay, Colombo, Penang, Singapore, Bangkok, Batavia, Semarang, Padang Bay (for Bali), Zamboango (Sulu Archipelago), Manila, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Chingwangtao (China), Beppu (Inland Sea of Japan), Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, Hilo, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Balboa, and Cristobal (Panama Canal), Havana, New York, and Cherbourg.

The CUNARD-WHITE STAR LINE are sending the *Homeric* (35,000 tons), on a fifteen-day Christmas and New Year cruise. This vessel leaves Southampton on December 21, calls at Lisbon and Las Palmas, and then cruises for nearly 600 miles in "Southern Sunshine," and makes for Teneriffe, afterwards calling at Madeira and returning to Southampton.

The *Homeric* is also being utilized for a cruise to the West Indies and the Spanish Main, leaving Southampton on January 26 and returning on March 12.

THE WHITE-HULLED "ATLANTIS": The pride of the Royal Mail Line at anchor in a foreign port

# NG LINERS GO

## *Autumn and Winter Sailings*

EVER-POPULAR MONTE CARLO: From the neighbouring port of Monaco two Canadian Pacific long-distance cruises are scheduled to start this winter

The ports of call are Teneriffe, Martinique (Fort de France), Port au Prince (Haiti), Nassau (Bahamas), Havana, Kingston, Cristobal (for Panama), Curaçao, La Guaira (Venezuela), Port of Spain, St. George's (Grenada), Bridgetown, and Funchal (Madeira).

On February 9 the *Britannic* (27,000 tons) starts from Liverpool on a 35-day cruise to Egypt and the Holy Land, in the course of which it will visit the following ports: Barcelona, Monaco, Naples, Messina, Athens, Istanbul, Rhodes, Haifa, Alexandria, Malta, Palma, and Gibraltar. If circumstances permit, the *Britannic*, after leaving Istanbul, will proceed through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea, and the stay at Alexandria is for over four days, giving ample time for a visit to Cairo and the Pyramids.

The 20,000-ton liner, *Franconia*, goes on a round-the-world cruise which commences at New York on January 12 and ends there on May 31, and for which European passengers leave this country early in January and return early in June. The ports of call are: Kingston, Panama Canal, San Pedro (California), Hilo, Honolulu, Papeete (Tahiti), Avarua (Raratonga), Apia (Samoa), Suva (Fiji), Auckland, Wellington, Sydney, Port Moresby (New Guinea), Kalabahai (Alor, D.E. Indies), Buleleng and Padang Bay (Bali), Semarang, Batavia, Singapore, Penang, Madras, Colombo, Port Victoria (Seychelles), Mombasa, Zanzibar, Majunga (Madagascar), Durban, Port Elizabeth, Cape Town, Montevideo, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, and Bridgetown (Barbados).

The P. & O. LINE have a Christmas and New Year cruise by the *Viceroy of India* (20,000 tons), which leaves London on December 21 for Madeira, Teneriffe, Las Palmas, Casablanca, Tangier, and Gibraltar, returning to London, 14 days; and on January 5 the same vessel starts from London on another 14-day cruise which embraces the same ports.

On January 25 the *Viceroy of India* goes from London on a cruise to Egypt and the Holy Land for 29 days with the following ports of call:—Gibraltar, Malaga, Algiers, Bizerta, Port Said, Jaffa, Haifa, Beirut, Port Said, Famagusta (Cyprus), Rhodes, Malta, Palma, Tangier, and Lisbon. The P. and O. also issue special return tickets to Bombay and Colombo, and, in the case of Ceylon, an inclusive price is charged for an eleven-day tour in the island, including hotel and all other normal expenses, whilst there are special return tickets for the round voyage to China and Japan, and to Australia.

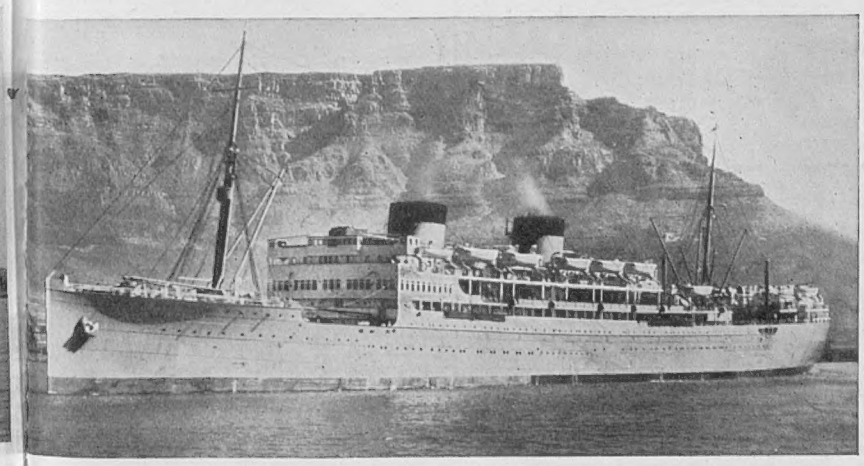
The ROYAL MAIL LINE announce a short autumn cruise by the *Atlantis*, lasting 16 days, and leaving Southampton on October 13, for Lisbon, Barcelona, Villefranche, Algiers, Gibraltar, Casablanca, and a Christmas and New Year Cruise of 20 days, by the same vessel, leaving Southampton on December 21 for Madeira, Bathurst (Gambia), Freetown (Sierra Leone), and Las Palmas, and also one from Southampton by the *Atlantis* on February 15, for Teneriffe, Dakar, Freetown, Bathurst, and Lisbon, 20 days.

On January 22 the *Asturias* (23,000 tons), starts from Southampton on a long-distance cruise to Egypt, South and West Africa, and the East, stopping at Algiers, Port Said (passengers have three days for sight-seeing in Cairo, rejoining the vessel at Suez), Aden, Colombo, Penang, Singapore, Buleleng, and Padang Bay (Bali), Semarang, Batavia, Mauritius, Durban, Cape Town, Sierra Leone, and Las Palmas. The Royal Mail also have special winter tours to Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina, and to Madeira and the Canary Isles.

The ORIENT LINE have no winter cruises, but they issue special round-voyage tickets by their regular liners to Australia and New Zealand, also to Ceylon, to Egypt, and to various ports in the Mediterranean—for Sicily, the French and Italian Riviera, and the North African coast.

The UNION CASTLE LINE have the M.V. *Llangibby Castle* (11,951 tons), leaving London on December 27 on a

*(Continued on p. 488)*



N THE SHADOW OF TABLE MOUNTAIN: A Union Castle mail boat steaming out of Cape Town harbour


**No need to wrap up for the winter**

***CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR TOURS TO***

**SOUTH AFRICA**

by Mail vessels sailing from Southampton, Nov. 30, Dec. 28, 1934, Jan. 11 and Feb. 1, 1935

**REDUCED RETURN FARES to Capetown:—**

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Fares for round voyage ● £105 1st cl. ● £40 tourist cl.

**XMAS TOURS TO MADEIRA**

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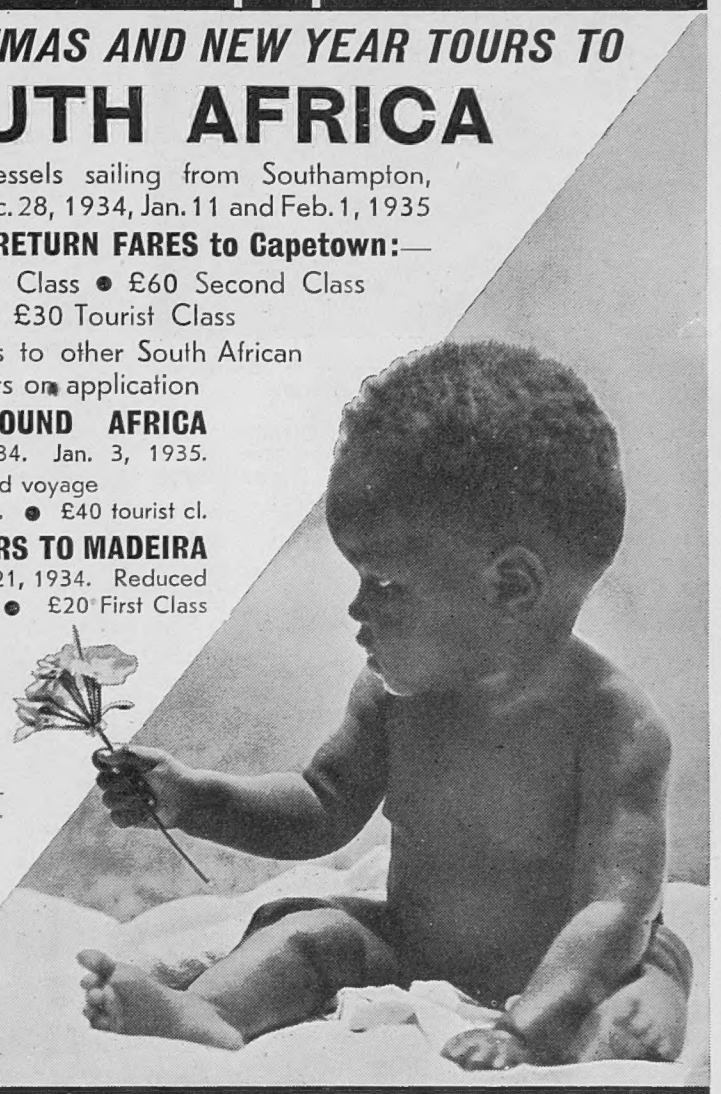

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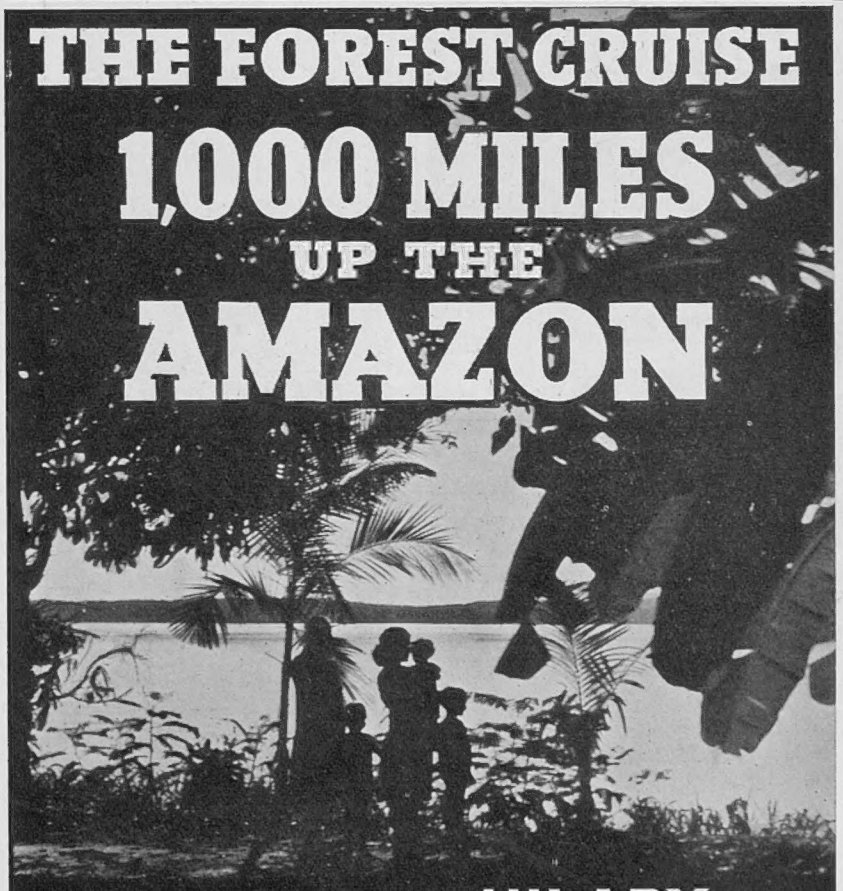

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# Where the Cruising Liners Go

(Continued from p. 487)

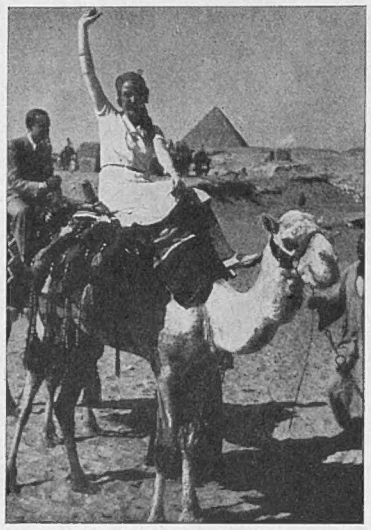
LUXURIANT PENANG: Typical scenery on the famous little island off the Malayan coast

round-Africa tour, calling at Tangier, Gibraltar, Marseilles, Majorca, Genoa, Port Said, Suez, Port Sudan, Aden, Mombasa, Tanga, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam, Beira, Lourenço Marques, Natal, East London, Algoa Bay, Cape Town, St. Helena, Ascension, and Las Palmas, returning to Southampton on March 4; and on January 3 the *Llanstephan Castle* (11,299 tons), leaves London on a similar tour, calling at Teneriffe, Lobito, Cape Town, Algoa Bay, East London, Natal, Lourenço Marques, Beira, Dar-es-Salaam, Zanzibar, Mombasa, Aden, Port Sudan, Suez, Port Said, Genoa, Marseilles, Majorca, Gibraltar, and Tangier, arriving in London on March 12.

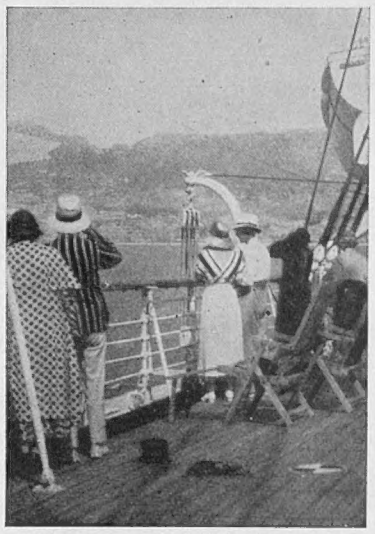
There are also Union Castle Christmas tours to Madeira by the *Winchester Castle*, leaving Southampton on December 14 and the *Armadale Castle* on December 21 with the choice of returning from Madeira on December 20, 27, January 3, 10, or 17; and there are special tours to South African ports by the *Carnarvon Castle* on November 30, the *Arundel Castle* on December 28, the *Windsor Castle* on January 11, and the *Carnarvon Castle* again on February 1, returning by the same vessel, or by the following one. The ports called at on these tours are Madeira, Cape Town, Algoa Bay, East London, and Natal, and they commence from and end at Southampton.

The **BIBBY LINE** announce special winter sunshine tours to Egypt and the Sudan by the *Staffordshire*, November 9, the *Gloucestershire*, Liverpool, November 23, *Worcestershire*, December 7, *Cheshire*, December 21, *Yorkshire*, January 4, *Shropshire*, January 18, and the *Oxfordshire*, February 1; and to Ceylon, Burma, and the Straits Settlements by the fortnightly service, from November 9 to March 29, with tickets available for four months from the date of departure until embarkation on the return journey.

The **BOOTH LINE** announce cruises up the Amazon by the *Hilary* on October 9 and December 8, from Liverpool, and calling at Oporto, Lisbon, Madeira, Para, and Manaos, whence the return journey is made with the same ports of call. This cruise is a unique one for the study of tropical river and jungle life, and the flora and fauna of the South American tropics.



SIGHTSEEING IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS: Touring the pyramids on camel-back



AT THE GATEWAY OF THE MEDITERRANEAN: An Orient Line boat approaching Gibraltar

IN THE NATIVE QUARTER OF COLOMBO, the busy seaport of Ceylon

**NORDDEUTSCHER LLOYD.**—A series of short sea trips—to Spain, the Mediterranean and Egypt—is announced by this company sailing from Dover. The service is a direct one with the ports of Barcelona and Genoa; from the former one can easily visit Majorca, and from the latter both the French and the Italian Riviera. The next port after leaving Genoa is Port Said, the gateway to Egypt. Special fares are quoted for the single journey by this line, and for the round trip.

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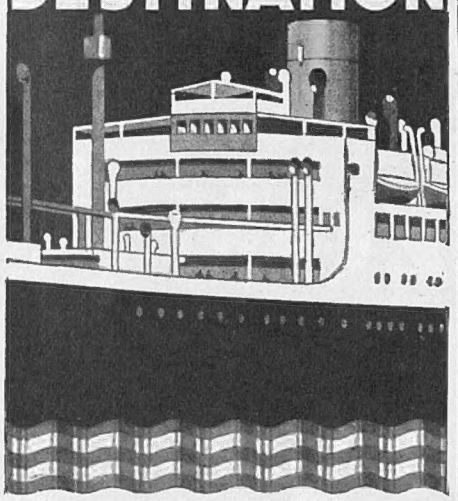

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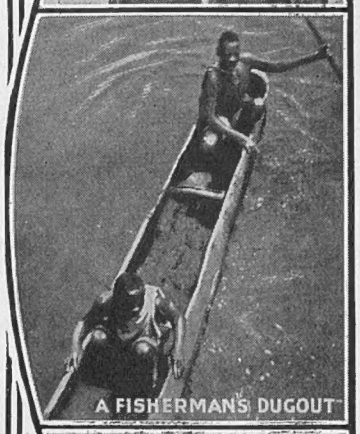

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# TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

## Answers to Enquirers

**L., India** (Italy). — For a holiday during November and December we think you would more enjoy a stay on the Italian or Naples Rivieras rather than at one of the Italian lakes. Amalfi is a delightful little resort which faces due south, a short distance from Naples. The scenery is very pretty, with good walks and excursions in the district. The Hôtel Santa Caterina there has been highly recommended to us. The island of Capri, a short crossing from Naples is, of course, world famous for its beauty. Here the Hôtel International is good. Santa Margherita is another charming spot, situated on what many people consider to be the loveliest part of the Italian Riviera. Being further north than Amalfi it is, however, less warm during the winter than the latter resort. It is possible to spend the night in Paris en route, while luggage can be sent through direct from London to Genoa or Naples, where it is examined at the Customs House when you claim it on your arrival.

**R., Herefordshire** (Gibraltar). — October is hardly the best time to visit Gibraltar, as autumn there is inclined to be rainy. The legal currency is British, though Spanish money is also accepted in the shops. The best hotel is without doubt the Rock, situated a little apart from the town facing the Gardens. There are both Yachting and Rowing clubs in Gibraltar, and a golf course and tennis courts. Excursions can be made to Algeciras, Tangier, Ceuta and Tarifa. Boats of the Union Castle, Orient, P. and O. and Henderson Lines call at Gibraltar, the return 1st-class fare by the latter being £14, and by the three former £18. Tickets are interchangeable on all four lines, though naturally if you booked by the Henderson Line you would have to pay a supplement for travelling back on an Orient, Union Castle, or P. and O. boat.

**Y., Yorks** (Malaga).—Malaga is a very popular winter resort, and you would find a large colony of English people there. The winter climate is dry, warm, and sunny, and particularly good for people who suffer with rheumatic complaints. A good hotel there is the Caleta Palace. The journey can be made overland via Paris and Madrid, but it is less expensive to go by sea to Gibraltar, make the half-hour crossing from there to Algeciras, and then proceed to Malaga by car or motor coach.

## Hints for Travellers

### THE MARINE SPA ESTABLISHMENT AT TORQUAY

Although Torquay is not referred to as a spa, it is interesting to learn that the Marine Spa Baths, which are under the direction of the Corporation of Torquay, are equipped for the administration of the various forms of spa treatment, etc., recognized by medical hydrologists. Torquay enjoys a particularly salubrious winter climate, equable, mild and sunny, the latter with a high percentage of ultra-violet rays. With such favourable climatic conditions baths can be taken in all seasons, a very real advantage, for there are few places in the British Isles (with facilities for spa treatment) which are suitable for invalids during the winter months. There is a very large range of hotel accommodation in Torquay, but mention must be made of the Palace Hotel there, which is deservedly recognized as one of the finest hotels in England. Torquay can lay claim to many attractions, but not the least of them is the Palace Hotel.

### At the Service of Our Readers

**"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information**

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered


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**Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.**—The leading first class hotel with all modern comfort, best situation with own beautiful park.

**FRANCE.**

**Lyons.—Carlton Hotel.**—The best reduced rates.

**GERMANY.**

**Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.**—200 beds. First-class, rooms from R.M. 4.50. Situated in the Kurpark opposite Casino.

**Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.**—Dignified hotel with all comf. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr R.M. 4, w. p. b. fr. R.M. 8. A. Grieshaber, Man.

**Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.**—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

**GERMANY—*continued.***

**Freiburg.—Freiburger Hof.**—125 beds. Mod. Popular. Orchestra. Pens. fr. Mk. 8.50. **Hotel Salmen.**—Mod. family house. Pens. fr. Mk. 7.

**Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.**—The latest & most prfct htel-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

**Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.**—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 8.

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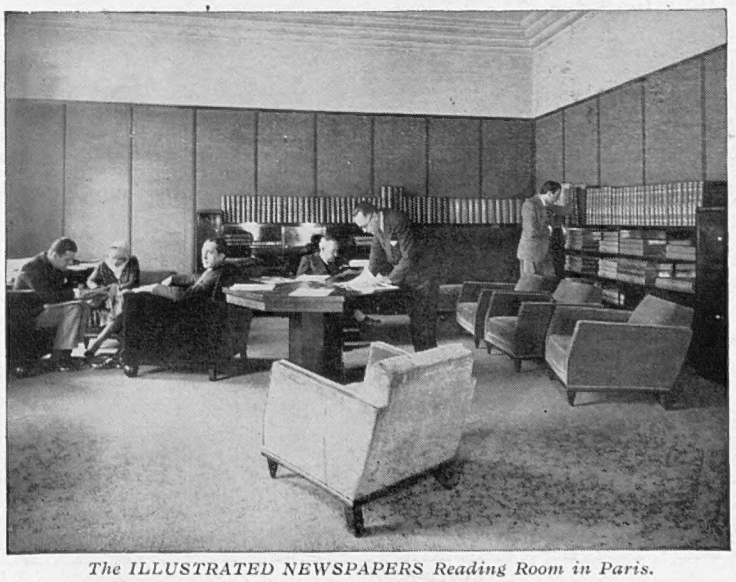

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